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AUGUST 1969

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This Month's Cover: Photographer Frank Shoemaker of Cozenovio, N.Y., was up early for this picture of a cross in semisilhouette against the rising sun. The church is at Comillus, N.Y., some 30 miles from the Shoemaker home.

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... but just look at her now!

When Su May first came to our Home in Hong Kong, the other children called her "Girl-who-will-not-laugh."

And there was a reason for her sadness. Her parents were dead, her relatives didn't want her. It seemed that no one in the world loved her.

So why the big smile now? Well, Su May has discovered that someone does love her. She lives in a pretty cottage along with her new "brothers and sisters"—and has loving care from a housemother, especially trained for the difficult task of being a mother to youngsters like Su May.

And just look at her now. She doesn't have a worry in the world—but we do. Because, you see, we must find a sponsor for Su May. A sponsor who will help provide food, clothing, education—love.

And Su May is only *one* heartbreaking case out of thousands . . . boys and girls who are neglected, unwanted, starving, unloved. Our workers overseas have a staggering number of children desperately waiting for help—over 15,000 youngsters, that will just have to survive the best they can until we find sponsors for them.

How about you? Will you sponsor a child like Su May? The cost is only \$12 a month.

Please fill out the sponsor application—you can indicate your preference, or let us assign you a child from our emergency list.

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TG 89



a sense of discovery

Pictures by Bruce Roberts





On a summer's day, Nancy Lee Roberts dashes up granite steps not fashioned by human hands, and reaches the mile-high pinnacle of Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina. Along the way she has seen many things children delight in: a shallow cave in diamond-hard rock; a snail creeping ahead of its moist trail; an unbelievable variety of plant and animal life. She has felt soft moss beneath bare feet, and dipped a hand in the icy depths of a mountain spring. Later, if not now, Nancy will appreciate more deeply the wisdom and reverence of men who fought stoutly to save our greatest and most verdant lands from the plunder and greed of others.



No one, it is said, is the same after he has discovered the challenging mystery and majesty of our Southern Highlands. For Nancy, whose father took these pictures and many others for his book *Sense of Discovery—The Mountain* (John Knox, \$5.95), the mountaintop climaxes a day of adventure. In every direction below her nimble feet, the misty billows of the Blue Ridge and the Great Smokies roll across an endless profusion of plunging streams, deep valleys, and towering ranges. Around her is the panoramic fullness of the world as it once was . . . a blue-green realm virtually unchanged after many millions of years. And for the moment, it belongs to Nancy.

—Herman B. Teeter

Films & TV

ON-LOCATION production is such a part of today's film-making that it is hard to realize that *Gone With the Wind*, the classic 1939 Civil War picture, was shot entirely on the back lot of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hollywood.

Improved and lighter equipment, plus audience insistence on authenticity, have moved producers out of the small studio sets into actual locations. This shift demands that the director use backgrounds that blend appropriately with what is happening to his performers. When Alfred Hitchcock, for example, goes on location, his settings are not simply vehicles for a story, they participate in the drama. Remember that cornfield in *North by Northwest*? Or James Stewart's apartment building in *Rear Window*? Or the motel in *Psycho*?

Popi (G) is a New York-based film which effectively utilizes the streets and slums of Harlem to convey the sense of desperation felt by Popi (Alan Arkin) as he tries to find a way to give his two sons a home outside the city. When Arkin marches down a Harlem street, you know he belongs there; just as you know his life is deeply wedded to the hectic pace of three jobs he holds in Manhattan in an effort to support his family. Arkin and his location belong to one another, and the resulting film is superb.

This is a family picture in that its values will be appreciated by any age, at different levels. The ending threatens to become melodramatic, but Arkin's sensitive portrayal of a Puerto Rican father prevents dramatic disaster. Also he is fortunate in having two young Harlem boys in the roles of his sons. Together, the cast makes poverty painful, but family ties delightful.

The April Fools (M) also blends top stars with a New York setting, this time East Side luxury apartments, Central Park, commuter trains, and Kennedy International Airport. The stars are Jack Lemmon, again playing the put-upon, flighty male, and Catherine Deneuve, a young French actress. Both have unhappy marriages, meet, fall in love, and run away to Paris. New York never looked better, making you wonder why they wanted to leave. An entertaining film, but only if you are looking for a frothy romp through Manhattan.

If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium (G) is a situation comedy set all over Europe, following a group of "typical" Americans on one of those budget tours. The humor is shallow, relying too often on off-color puns, or stock personality traits (the picture-taking, phony, lover-boy; the ex-GI; the nervous immigrant's son; and so forth). Local shots are attractive, but they are used largely for backgrounds. The humor is not integral to the setting and could have been acted out in a studio or in small-town USA.

Where It's At (R) does a better than average job of fitting location into story. Set in a Las Vegas gambling casino-motel, this modern father-son conflict is surprisingly well done. The floor shows and some extraneous bedroom action should limit interest to older teens and adults, but the script is brisk, acting is competent, and the setting entertaining.

—James M. Wall



In desperation, Popi (Alan Arkin) sends his sons into the ocean to rescue them from the ghetto.

OTHER FILMS OF INTEREST

Teorema (R rating)—An important film for the art-house circuit. Director Pier Paolo Pasolini is concerned about belief in God, and this is his way of symbolically asking what God's presence would do to an average family. Skip this if you are not prepared for some outrageous religious symbolism. Erotic content limits audience to adults.

Pendulum (M rating)—A law-and-order policeman finds himself under suspicion and grateful for the law's protection of his own liberties. Taut drama which raises the question of how society is to protect the innocent suspect without unleashing the criminally guilty.

Seven Golden Men (G rating)—The robbery genre film has an

impressive history (*Topoki* was the most notable). This Italian production is good of a kind, following an efficient team of seven repair men who rob a Swiss bank of millions in gold. They don't keep it, of course, so it's OK to root for them to win.

Goodbye Columbus—When Phillip Roth wrote his novella in 1959, college students were considered passive and self-centered. A decade later, this film version may be out of tune with rebellious youth but on target with its insights into young love. Witty and sad, the story looks at a summer romance between two attractive but unsettled Jewish youngsters. Frank dialogue and situations limit audience to older teens and adults (R rating.)

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

July 22, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Apolla 11*.

July 27, 10:30-11 a.m., EDT on CBS—Last of a *Look Up and Live* series on rural poverty.

July 27, 1:30-2 p.m., EDT on NBC—Last of a *Frontiers of Faith* series on the Bible.

July 27, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Education and the Negro* deals with the heated issue of black studies.

August 1, 8-9 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Medicare Plus Five*.

August 4, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT

on ABC—*Ferment and the Catholic Church*.

August 5, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Sixty Minutes Anthology*: the best of the series to date.

August 7, 10-11 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Prejudice and the Negro*.

August 12, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Generations Apart* special: *Fathers and Sons*.

August 15, 8-9 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Law and Order*.

August 19, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Mothers and Daughters*, a sequel to *Fathers and Sons*. []

The Church: Alive and Well in Czechoslovakia

PEACE-LOVING Czechoslovakia, caught between tensions of East and West in Europe, continues its long struggle for democracy and freedom with heroism and patience, even in the throes of the current repression. Surprisingly, liberalization for the churches continues, despite the invasion by Warsaw Pact armies last August.

Methodism came to Czechoslovakia by way of Czech-Americans from Texas in 1920. The Rev. Vilem Schneeberger, superintendent of The United Methodist Church in his country, came into the church through its youth movement, from the Roman Catholic Church.

Interviewed by Associate Editor Newman Cryer during a recent speaking trip in the United States, he comments on the Prague Peace Conference, the Christian-Marxist dialogue, and his own hopes for the future.



Is it true that the religious life of your country is one of the sectors least affected by the new repression since last August?

Yes. The Communists used to identify the churches with old ways and with capitalist society. In recent years they have learned better. Events since liberalization began in 1968, under the government of Alexander Dubcek, have showed the churches standing fully on the side of the whole nation.

After the Russians came last August, the leaders of 18 Protestant churches, and the Roman Catholic bishops, made a statement in favor of the legal government (the Dubcek regime). This led to a special reception for these leaders by President Svoboda at which he said he appreciated the churches' action.

What was the situation for the churches prior to the more liberal policies of 1968?

Prior to that we were free to work in our own church buildings, but we could organize work only on a local level. This meant no youth organization, no women's society, and no other activities on a conference level. The situation has been the same for all churches since 1948 when special rights for the Roman Catholic Church were taken away. Most of their bishops were imprisoned or relieved of their duties. Church-owned schools and homes for the aged and orphans became the property of the towns in which they were located.

(Continued on page 10)

Long Distance is reaching out and touching someone you love. It's the next best thing to being there.



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How has the situation become more liberal for the churches?

Our Constitution provides that everybody is free to ask for religious instruction of one or two hours a week for his children in our public schools. In practice there were many difficulties because many teachers tried to stop this. One of the first steps toward liberalization was to give full freedom to religious education. The classes are taught by ministers, and there is a rapid increase in the number of people asking for religious instruction.

Beginning last year we were permitted to organize youth work in all our churches, with summer camping and other activities.

Now we also have the right to print books and periodicals, which was rather limited in the past. As of the time I left home in April, there was no censorship, although censors have been assigned to the offices of all newspapers and magazines.

All ministers' salaries are paid by the state—Czechoslovakia is the only eastern European country in which this is true. But we have been paid on a scale established in 1949, without any increases. Meanwhile the cost of living has gone up by more than 50 percent. This soon will be changed so that ministers will get more, especially the younger ministers, whose salaries are horribly low.

We are no longer permitted to operate homes for the aged and orphans, but the local authorities, especially in Prague, came to us last fall to ask our help in locating old people who needed care and staff people to care for them. The workers are paid by the state, but they come mostly from the churches.

Do you think the trend toward liberalization will continue?

So far it has. The liberalization is increasing in many parts of our life, but especially in the churches. We may have to go slower now—to take smaller steps—but our goal is the same, and nobody wants to go back. I think nobody can stop the progress.

How large is The United Methodist Church in your country?

Czechoslovakia is a typically Roman Catholic country, and our church is very small. We have about

5,000 members in 42 congregations. There are 18 charges served by 16 full-time pastors and some volunteer lay ministers. Most of the latter are ordained deacons. I am superintendent of the one district for the whole country, which is 550 miles long from east to west. Our conference is related to United Methodism's Geneva Area in Switzerland.

Has the recent union with the Evangelical United Brethren affected your work any?

No, we had no EUB congregations in Czechoslovakia. It is interesting that in the German-speaking world The United Methodist Church is called the Evangelical Methodist Church (Evangelisch-methodistische Kirche). We have gone by that name for about 50 years, so we did not even have to change our name after the union.



What do you have now in the way of youth work?

At our annual-conference meeting last May we elected a young man to organize youth work. We first tried organizing something like a Scout movement in the Protestant churches, but a national scout movement already exists. It is not government operated but is a secular movement permitted by the state. At the Central Methodist Church in Prague we have a group of scouts attached to the national movement, but there are only Protestants in it. Most of them are United Methodists, and it is led by members of our church.

What do young persons in your country think about the church?

In general they were indifferent to it, having been taught that the churches are bad and that it is not good to join them. For years the church has had no public influence. But in recent months, many young people have found that there is something vital in the churches. For the past two years, more teachers and professors in the universities have been saying to them that they should know the Bible. More churches are starting vital youth groups. But most of our youth have been educated in the spirit of anti-religion, and it would take a long time to reeducate them in the churches.

What is the main concern of United Methodists in Czechoslovakia today?

Since last August there has been a great change in our whole country. Many people are trying to find a solid base on which to stand. I think the main task of the church is to show that we have a solid base in the Bible, the kingdom of God, and the power of the Holy Spirit. That is the main business of the church today.

What is the relationship between The United Methodist Church and the other churches?

Until 1948, when the Roman Catholic Church lost its special privileges, there were not many contacts. Since then our ministerial students have studied at the Comenius Theological Faculty in Prague, which is an ecumenical seminary. About seven denominations send their students there. In 1956 the Ecumenical Council of Churches was founded, and our church is a part of it. Since then we have had quite good relationships with all the churches.

Do the churches often make statements together?

We joined in signing the statement of last September 2, uniting behind our legal government. Also we have in the past issued statements on the war in Viet Nam, the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and other matters. We are planning a new ecumenical center in Prague, where the council will have offices. The plan calls for meeting rooms and facilities for 50 guests from other countries who come to international meetings. We are waiting for the financing, and most of the money will have to come from outside our country. We could not get a company to build unless we offered most of the money in foreign currency. We are hoping to get money from the World Council of Churches and from worldwide denominational councils.

Just what is the Christian (Prague) Peace Conference?

It was organized in 1957, under the leadership of Dr. Josef Hromadka, when the Comenius Theological Faculty and the Lutheran Theological Faculty in Slovakia came together to find out what they might do to help prevent World War III. The cold war between East and West was very strong, and we had come into the nuclear age, with its atomic weapons. This small group of theologians took the first step in organizing the peace movement.

How would you evaluate Dr. Hromadka's leadership in this movement?

He was the leader then and still is. Last year, when he was 79, he was reelected president of the

Christian Peace Conference. He has the trust of Christians both in the East and in the West. It is a difficult question, what will happen when Dr. Hromadka will no longer be president. We need someone who is in the middle, theologically and ideologically, between East and West.

Is there now good participation from people outside Europe?

Yes. Once it was said that it was just a movement among the countries of eastern Europe. But now one third come from the countries in western Europe and North America, and one third come from the so-called Third World—Africa and Latin America. There are also regional committees in various countries working on a more or less autonomous basis.

How about from the United States?

We have had not enough participation from America. There is an American Association for the Christian Peace Conference, but I think only a few people participate. I wish there were more because your participation on the question of the war in Viet Nam is important. I am pleased to see the changed attitude in the United States on this question since I was here in 1964. I am surprised and glad that so many of your people are against the war.

Americans have been skeptical about the Prague Peace Conference because they felt it was more or less controlled by the Communists. Is this true?

I can understand the suspicion because almost everybody in the West has had the feeling that the church cannot exist in a communist country, that the church must be directed by the communist state, and so on. However, I have been related to the conference in one way or another since its beginning, and I feel it is a good movement.

It is now very clear, especially after events of last year in Czechoslovakia, that the conference does not speak only for the East. A statement made by the working committee of the conference last fall in Paris, for example, found the delegates divided. The east European members said they were in favor of the Russian occupation, and others



said they were against it. It was not simply a statement of the Eastern world against the Western.

Will the peace conference called for July by Metropolitan Nikodim of Moscow have any effect on the Prague Peace Conference?

Before I left home I asked Dr. Ondra, general secretary of the Christian Peace Conference in Prague, about this. He said the Moscow conference would be an all-religions movement, embracing Buddhists and Muslims as well as Christians. Some observers say it will be a rival peace movement, stressing Eastern policy. As yet nobody knows. But it would make no sense to split peace movements.

What are the contributions of the Prague Peace Conference?

By focusing on the one question of peace, we feel that this is our

contribution to the worldwide Christian movement. The Peace Conference does not rival the World Council of Churches. At first it was questioned whether the World Council should do this work since it has so many other tasks. The Christian Peace Conference brought the Eastern Orthodox Churches into the World Council.

Through the Peace Conference the Communists have seen that the churches are trying to have peace and that they are bringing humanistic values into the society. They see that the churches are not against the people and are not fighting the good ideas of the world.

How can Christianity coexist with the secularism of the communist society?

I would say in the same way that it can coexist with the secularism of capitalist society. Secularism is a

worldwide phenomenon, and the church has to coexist with it. The church has to be a witness in the secular world. You are now having to face this question in your country as we are in ours. It may be different because you have no official secular ideology here, but you do have a practical secularism.

Has the God-is-dead theology had a strong influence in Czechoslovakia?

Not so strong as it has been in the United States. The men who influence your theologians—Bultmann, Bonhoeffer, Tillich—have influenced our theologians also, but not in the radical way that they have in America. It may be because we are facing a radical secular society and you are not. In fact, a Marxist in our country, Gardavsky, has written a book entitled *God Is Not Yet Dead* in which he shows that the churches are still alive because of their living heritage and because of their theology of humanism.

How did the Christian-Marxist dialogue get started?

Since the time of Karl Marx, the Communists have been saying that religion is an opiate and would die out in a communist state because it is a myth. But now they have seen that after all these years the churches did not die. In some ways they have become stronger.

This fact has led some of the Marxists to become interested in finding out why the church did not die and why it is still a vital factor in society. Writers like Gardavsky are saying that socialism has at least two roots in the past: ancient Greek culture and Judeo-Christian culture. They see these as roots of the deep humanism of modern socialist culture. They have seen that not everything in Christianity is an opiate and that its humanistic roots are good for society.

The dialogue between Christians and Marxists in our country started in earnest several years ago, especially in Charles University in Prague. Groups are led by Marxist philosophers and Christian theologians. Last year, at the first large public meeting, nearly 3,000 people were present to question a panel of nine Marxists and nine Christians. The meeting started at 7 p.m. and went until 1 a.m.

Is it possible to be a Christian and a Communist at the same time?

Yes. We have Christians who are members of the Communist Party, but they are not atheists. There are Communists who are atheists and those who are not, and it is possible for a Christian to prefer the communist form of society over some other form. We have a layman in one of our churches who is active in the party and who is not liked there because he tries, as a Christian, to get the party to act in truly human ways. Ministers are not allowed in the party, but this is a requirement of the party, not the church.

What is the real importance of the Christian-Marxist dialogue?

The real importance is in the respect of one side toward the other. In past years, the churches were suspicious of the Marxists, but since the dialogues began, a new respect is developing. And the Communists are taking us seriously as Christians because they feel that we believe what we are saying. Mutual respect is a good thing for our coexistence in the nation. When there is no respect, then the next step is oppression. Now we have the freedom to say what we wish to say openly.

What would you most like to say to the people of the United States?

I have the feeling that people here think that whoever comes from eastern Europe is a Communist or at least a servant of the Communists. That is not true. There are real Christians in the countries of eastern Europe. I hope to show that we are living as Christians and trying to make our witness as Christians in our country.

Also I want to say that what is true in one country in the East is not true in all of them. There are many differences between Russia, for example, and Czechoslovakia, especially in the churches. I hope I can contribute to understanding of the especially difficult situation we live with in my country. □



Black Manifesto Explodes On Churches

TWO WORDS—"manifesto" and "reparations"—burst into the American vernacular this spring, forming the heart of a document immediately known as the "Black Manifesto."

Translated, the words mean:

1. This is what we demand.
2. This is what you owe.

Obviously the Black Manifesto, with its \$500-million list of demands, hinged on the concept of reparations—payment of a debt owed for some act of wrongdoing.

The first United Methodist agency directly confronted with the demands for reparations was the Board of Missions. With its four floors of offices at its New York headquarters occupied in a nine-hour "liberation" by militant blacks and whites, the board faced demands [see top box on page 15] totaling more than \$1 billion.

(These and other demands made of specific church agencies quickly totaled more than the manifesto's original \$500-million request.)

The "liberation" on May 22 lasted only long enough for the Economic Liberation Committee to win its preliminary goal—that a special meeting of the executive committee of the Board of Missions be called "no later than Monday, May 26."

Telegrams summoned the 49-member executive committee to New York on that date to "continue in session until it has carefully appraised the demands given to us [the board staff]." General Secretary Tracey K. Jones, Jr., also told a press conference, "The Board of Missions is committed to economic justice, and we recognize that the issues placed before us are urgent."

When the executive committee met, though, the "urgent issues" and the "nonnegotiable" demands created an impasse. In and out of joint, open, and executive sessions, the demanders and the Board of Missions' top officers finally split at this point: The National Black Economic Development Conference (NBEDC) wanted \$750,000 given directly to it; the missions' leaders refused.

What the missions' leaders did do (34 of the 49 committee members were present at one time or another), was to vote \$300,000 for a program of "economic empowerment of black people." Each of the board's three divisions—World, National, and Women's—was asked to provide \$100,000.

Leaders also committed the executive committee to seek \$1 million more for the same purpose when the full board meets in Boston in October.

Not only was the \$1.3 million not offered to NBEDC, the missions' leaders specified that funds should be administered by black members of the Board of Missions itself and by black bishops of The United Methodist Church. Based on what one observer called board leaders' "sympathy with goals of black economic development in general," this method committed to blacks funds scheduled for other programs but retained control within United Methodist hands.

Instant Explosion

Whether the Board of Missions situation—first the demands, then the response—would set the pattern for other United Methodist agencies remained to be seen. What could be clearly traced, however, was the birth and instant explosion of the Black Manifesto.

- In September, 1968, the board of the Inter-religious Foundation for Community Organization (IFCO) authorized funding a conference for blacks to discuss economic development of black communities. IFCO, organized in 1967, attempts to coordinate community organization efforts of its 23 church-agency members, including the United Methodist Board of Missions.

- The National Black Economic Development Conference met April 25-27 in Detroit with more than 500 registrants.

- On Saturday (mid-conference) evening, April 26, James Forman, director of international relations for the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee, delivered a document titled "Total Control of Black Communities—The Only Solution to the Black Economic Development."

- In what was described by some observers as a seizure of power, Mr. Forman followed his prepared speech with a document that immediately became known as the Black Manifesto. Its list of 9 specific demands [see lower box, page 15] was headed, "We are demanding \$500,000,000 to be spent in the following way: . . ."

- The Detroit conference adopted the manifesto



One point in United Methodist Board of Missions discussion of the Black Manifesto saw Tracey K. Jones, Jr., board general secretary, confer with the Rev. Cain Felder, new executive director of Black Methodists for Church Renewal.

by a 187-63 vote as an official conference document and accepted its call for a follow-up organization to continue under the same name, the National Black Economic Development Conference (NBEDC).

- Forman, meanwhile, captured national news attention. His first public presentation of the Black Manifesto was at New York's interdenominational Riverside Church, where he interrupted a May 4 morning worship service by reading a list of specific demands on the congregation. Riverside Church, affiliated with the American Baptist Convention and the United Church of Christ, is directly across the street from the Interchurch Center, where manifesto sympathizers later occupied United Presbyterian and United Methodist missions board offices.

- The following day, May 5, Forman presented the document to the National Council of Churches General Board, in session in New York City. That board urged its 33 Protestant and Orthodox member churches to give the manifesto "serious" attention, said it shared the aspirations of the black people from which the manifesto sprang, and instructed the NCC executive committee to act for the board in a meeting June 23.

- Further confrontations by Forman followed, including demands upon the Episcopal Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the

Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, and the Lutheran Church in America. Each confrontation contained specific money demands.

Preparing to Respond

It was in that kind of setting that offices of the United Methodist Board of Missions were "liberated" May 22 by some 50 black and white manifesto supporters. Across the denomination, board and agency officials laid plans not only on how to respond to demands once they were presented but also on what security, employee protection, or other precautions might be taken if manifesto sympathizers tried to present their claims personally. The Rev. Woodie White, executive secretary of the denomination's new (1968) Commission on Religion and Race, in a memo to denominational leaders, recommended that individual boards and agencies not attempt to respond piecemeal to the manifesto but that a unified United Methodist strategy be followed.

The first United Methodist meeting held following the birth of the manifesto was, rather ironically, the National Conference on Extremism. Considered a unique venture under church sponsorship, the extremism conference had scheduled black-white relations as one topic on its two-day program. But the Black Manifesto unavoidably became the underlying theme of almost every discussion. A special after-hours eve-

ning session was convened exclusively to discuss the demands.

The Conference on Extremism, though not a legislative body, adopted six resolutions, one of them calling on the Board of Missions and the denomination's Fund for Reconciliation to "give top priority to meeting the needs of the black community and other minority communities in the United States." That same resolution said, "We have heard the Black Manifesto. We do not know how to respond to the specific demands, but we do accept the concept of reparations."

Do Churches Understand?

One leader's reminder to the Conference on Extremism that the church "has not significantly redefined its priorities" had found corroboration only days before at the NCC General Board meeting. The consensus at that meeting was (1) that denominations are not providing sufficient finances for meaningful NCC action on racial and urban problems, despite the NCC's "Crisis in the Nation" program begun last year and (2) doubt exists among black churchmen that the NCC and its member denominations really know the magnitude of the crisis or are prepared to respond in a non-bureaucratic way.

IFCO's executive director, the Rev. Lucius Walker, told the NCC officers the black community is on the "verge of exploding." (This was two days before the Black Manifesto's adoption in Detroit.) Religious News Service said several NCC delegates noted that churchmen do not seem to understand what is happening in the world or the horror in which black Americans live.

James Forman, interviewed on the CBS radio network program *The World in Religion*, explained why his group seeks \$500 million in reparations from the nation's white churches and synagogues.

"We have learned through experience," he said, "that we have taken on the total government by taking on the church . . . The church is the jugular vein of the country because wrapped up in the church is a vital system which helps to perpetuate the kind of exploitation of blacks which goes on."

CBS reporter Steve Young, picking up on Forman's reference, observed

Demands Made On Board of Missions

This is a summary of the original demands presented to the United Methodist Board of Missions by the Economic Liberation Committee:

1. That the Board of Missions publicly endorse the Black Manifesto's program demands.
2. That an immediate meeting of the board's executive committee be called for the purpose of allocating \$750,000 over the next fiscal year to the National Black Economic Development Conference (NBEDC).
3. That the Board of Missions urge the Board of Publication to transfer ownership of at least one existing Methodist Publishing House facility to the NBEDC.
4. That the Board of Missions make a complete listing of all assets and that 60 percent of profits from these assets be annually turned over to the NBEDC.
5. That all Board of Missions investments in Southern [sic] Africa be withdrawn immediately and reinvested in projects of Black Economic Development.
6. That the Board of Missions undertake an \$800-million campaign to aid "the many so-called Negro colleges" related to The United Methodist Church "and so help to transform these institutions into relevant black universities."
7. That the Board of Missions urge the Council of Bishops to provide immediately \$300 million for Black Economic Development, these funds secured over the next fiscal year to be solely administered by black people.

When the Board of Missions executive committee met with leaders of a black coalition on May 27, the demand for public endorsement of the Black Manifesto's program demands was dropped by the coalition group. Also the Economic Liberation Committee had agreed it would not push for the two demands which did not directly concern the mission board—transfer of one publishing-house facility and provision of \$300 million by the Council of Bishops. □

HERE IS A DIGEST of demands in the National Black Economic Development Conference's \$500-million Black Manifesto:

1. Establishment of a Southern land bank to help blacks buy land—\$200 million.
2. Establishment of four major publishing and printing industries in the United States, one each in Detroit, Atlanta, Los Angeles, and New York—\$10 million each.
3. Establishment of four television networks in Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Washington, D.C.—\$10 million each.
4. A center to provide research on problems of black people—\$30 million.
5. A training center to teach communications skills including community organization, photography, movie making, television and radio making and repair—\$10 million.
6. Organization of welfare recipients—\$10 million.
7. National black labor strike and defense fund—\$20 million.
8. An international black appeal—\$20 million.
9. Creation of a black university in the South—\$130 million.

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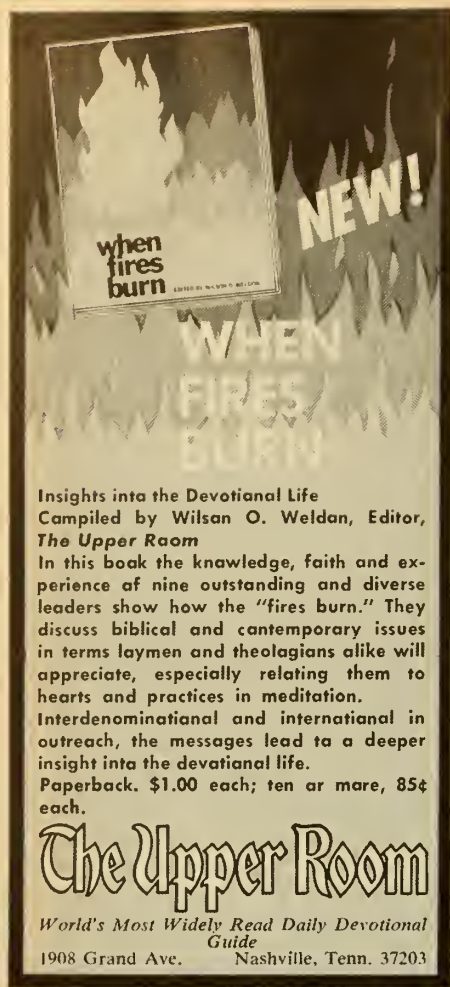


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that "if you cut the jugular vein, the body dies." Forman's reply was: "Well, so be it. Well and good. I clap."

Principle Draws Support

Forman was not alone, as the confrontation with the United Methodist Board of Missions and other religious groups showed. An Ad Hoc Black Caucus of 35 churchmen from several denominations supported the Black Manifesto in principle, urged that black denominations be listed among those from whom reparations should come, and called on black caucuses in predominantly white churches to work for achievement of the manifesto's demands.

Other actions supporting the manifesto included a 24-hour student takeover of New York's Union Theological Seminary, followed by vote of that school's directors to invest \$500,000 in endowment funds in black enterprises in Harlem, with funds to be administered by the school's black students, faculty, alumni, and directors. An endorsement of the principle of reparations came from the World Council of Churches conference on racism May 19-24 in London, England; representatives of Roman Catholic and Protestant publications, meeting together for the first time in Atlanta, Ga., voted to help their readers reach an "informed, responsible response" to the manifesto; and the manifesto was endorsed by the National Committee of Black Churchmen, representing some 700 clergy.

The chairman of Black Methodists for Church Renewal, the Rev. James M. Lawson of Memphis, Tenn., said \$500 million "is too little," but he termed the Black Manifesto "a serious proposal for constructive work among black people in this country." He also said the attack on churches might force a push on government.

'Time to Say No'

No stronger "no" to Forman's demands was issued than that from

The Texas Methodist. Under the headline "Now Is the Time To Say 'No,'" the statewide newspaper summed up: "We cannot, as Christians, allow ourselves to participate in social and economic blackmail. We cannot speak of love and brotherhood on Sunday and then allow ourselves to be participants in an immoral 'protection racket' of the type proposed by the NBEDC."

Other publications were critical, too. *The Amsterdam News*, a black weekly newspaper published in New York's Harlem, said it does not believe breaking up church services is the way to "gain any demands, no matter how righteous they may be." (In addition to Forman's interruption of Riverside Church services in New York, the manifesto itself calls upon black people "to commence the disruption of the racist churches and synagogues throughout the United States.")

Two major Jewish agencies, the Synagogue Council of America and the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council, rejected both the substance and the tactics of the manifesto, calling them "objectionable on both moral and practical grounds."

One of the brightest replies in an otherwise tense affray came in Atlanta, where Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., addressed the joint Catholic-Protestant press meeting.

Mrs. King told the journalists the idea of reparations can be viewed "as equitable symbolism."

"If reparations were seriously to be discussed," she said, "a century of wages, which accumulated interest for another century, would total a sum so staggering that no single group or nation could pay it in full."

She said that rather than have churches pay reparations, "their help can be more effective if the enormous influence of their 80-million members were mobilized behind demands upon Congress. If programs which would end poverty and abolish discrimination were enacted, all society would benefit, and all society would pay the cost rather than one part of it."

Hopeful words. But until some great strategist changes the signals, the words "manifesto" and "reparations" remain as summaries of a major confrontation facing America's churches.

—John A. Lovelace

NEWS

RECONCILIATION LEADER DECRIES 'REPARATION'

Entering its second year, United Methodist's Quadrennial Emphasis found one of its leaders steering clear of demands in the Black Manifesta [see page 13] but saying members "could learn from such actions."

Bishop W. Ralph Ward of Syracuse, N.Y., chairman of the denomination's \$20-million Fund for Reconciliation (FFR), said, "Use of the word 'reparation' in salving the nation's racial crisis is unfortunate."

"We are aware that the national crisis has deepened and extended its influence during the past year," Bishop Ward told the Quadrennial Emphasis executive committee. "We of The United Methodist Church must restudy and reaffirm the mandates of a year ago, especially those portions which call the church to move forthrightly in confronting the crisis."

The committee voted to send communications to bishops and other United Methodist leaders asking that efforts to raise FFR's \$20 million be stepped up. Bishop Ward said annual conferences had accepted goals of \$22,795,000 for FFR, and churches and agencies have pledged \$13.5 million. The denomination has until April, 1972, to meet the \$20-million goal.

Named to the Quadrennial Emphasis staff with special responsibility for investigating and evaluating all FFR applications and for supervising approved national reconciliation projects was the Rev. DePriest W. Whye of Philadelphia. A member of Black Methodists for Church Renewal (BMCR), Mr. Whye also will serve as a liaison with United Methodist Voluntary Service (UMVS), the Commission on Religion and Race, and with BMCR.

UMVS, one of the four-year program's emphases, announced in mid-May that 55 volunteers were at work or ready to start on nine reconciliation projects, with 22 of those volunteers black persons. It also was reported that 54 percent of UMVS committed funds are for projects in black communities.

UMVS also named a consultant, Dr. Lea Rippey, Jr., to train an expected 200 to 400 persons a year. Types of programs in which reconciliation volunteers are working—each works with a local task force—include community organization and development, day-care center work, employment referral, locating block-club leaders, consumer education, family counseling, tutoring,

and work with school dropouts.

In a separate development the Board of Missions' World Division announced its own quadrennial emphases in peace; hunger and world development; urbanization and industrialization; and loyalty in mission.

NEW, OLD TROUBLE SPOTS RECEIVE MISSIONS FUNDS

The assignment of more money and manpower to old trouble spots like Viet Nam and Nigeria/Biafra and increased attention to developing conflicts like those in Sudan give a partial picture of United Methodism's world work at mid-summer.

The United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR) voted another \$100,000 for food in Nigeria and Biafra in late May, bringing the denomination's total there in 18 months to \$235,000. All has gone via interfaith channels.

UMCOR also voted \$30,000 for refugees from Sudan's religious and racial strife and \$10,000 for families of political detainees in South Africa.

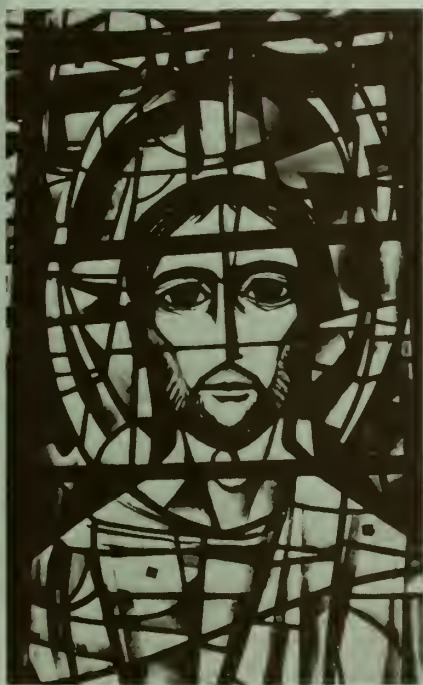
Dr. J. Harry Haines, UMCOR executive secretary, said the Sudan strife, which he witnessed in April, is perhaps "the least publicized tragedy but one of the most horrendous." He said the strife is between the white Moslem north and the black Christian and pagan south. New United Methodist funds there, along with other Protestant and Roman Catholic monies, will begin a three-year rehabilitation program, plus medical care and housing for thousands of black Sudanese resettled under United Nations and Red Cross auspices.

UMCOR was told by the National Council of Churches' relief director for Africa, Jan van Hostraten, that the 2,479 flights under joint religious sponsorship as of mid-May had ended starvation in Biafran areas "that we can reach" but had not alleviated problems in the bush.

An additional \$50,000 and at least 7 persons were okayed by UMCOR for relief work in Viet Nam, bringing denominational totals there to \$470,000 and 22 persons.

The former director of the United Methodist Viet Nam Education Project, Dan Luce, told UMCOR that most rehabilitation work there will need to be through nondenominational agencies because most Vietnamese link Christianity with western imperialism.

The Board of Missions' World Division reaffirmed a previously stated policy of providing financial



This modern stained-glass portrait of the head of Christ is a new feature of the Central Methodist Mission in Auckland, New Zealand. It is 26 feet high.

support to all its related churches overseas on the same basis, including those churches moving towards autonomy in 14 countries. "The fact of autonomy does not change the need for continued support from fellow churchmen in America," World Division leaders said.

The World Division also approved in principle salary adjustments for its 1,364 missionaries in 33 countries. A new salary schedule, to go into effect next January 1, pending board approval in October, would establish a salary base of \$6,500. One official estimated the increase would add \$1.3 million to overall salary costs for 1970.

WCC, VATICAN LEAVE MEMBER QUESTION OPEN

The question of Roman Catholic membership in the World Council of Churches was discussed but "left open" by a small commission within the Vatican-WCC Joint Working Group.

The commission, which met recently in Gwatt, Switzerland, decided to study the "theological, pastoral, and administrative implications" of the situation and report to the group in 1970.

Other topics discussed by the group included tension between generations, youth protest, relations with non-Christian religions, and the possibilities of common witnesses. Such topics were said to be those on which there might be a common approach.

RADIO SHOW PROLONGED BY 11th-HOUR GRANT

An 11th-hour Ford Foundation grant prolonged the life of United Methodism's prize-winning *Night Call* radio program.

The foundation gave the denomination's Division of Television, Radio, and Film Communication (TRAFCO) \$150,000 to sustain the call-in program, relayed free five nights a week by TRAFCO to some 90 stations across the nation. Other financial support has come from the United Church of Christ and the Episcopal Church.

TRAFCO officials said there are plans to make *Night Call* a commercial operation. The show, in its first year, won awards from *Variety* magazine, Ohio State University, Religious Heritage of America, and a Roman Catholic communications organization.

Even as plans were made to "go commercial" with *Night Call*,



No! It isn't church street. It's the corner of Rainbow and Columbia Drives in a suburb of Decatur, Georgia. All the churches are within a radius of two miles.

TRAFCO released the denomination's first attempt to communicate with the mass moviegoing public.

Hello Up There is a seven-minute color short-subject film, partially financed by Columbia Pictures Corporation. The film will be distributed to theaters running the G-rated feature film *Run Wild, Run Free*. The TRAFCO film shows original paintings and comments by eight and nine-year-olds while exploring the generation gap.

Still another United Methodist production, the 55-minute film *These Four Cozy Walls*, won a first place in the 1969 American Film Festival sponsored by the Educational Film Library Association. Produced by TRAFCO as one of the principal resources in the 1968-72 emphasis on *A New Church for a New World*, the film won the festival's award in the "church at work category." It features the Casa View United Methodist Church congregation of Dallas, Texas.

RACE UNIT STAFF FILLED; BMCR MOVING TO ATLANTA

A full three-man staff for United Methodism's Commission on Religion and Race and a first headquarters for the unofficial Black Methodists for Church Renewal (BMCR) were announced in early summer.

New associate executive secretary with the Washington-based commission is the Rev. James L. Jones, former campus minister at the University of Mississippi. He is

the first white member of the staff headed by the Rev. Woodie W. White, executive secretary. An associate executive secretary named earlier is the Rev. Clayton Hammond.

The commission, established a year ago by General Conference, is to assist in interracial annual-conference mergers and in increasing interracial communication within the denomination.

BMCR, after announcing in mid-May it would establish headquarters in Nashville, Tenn., changed that decision and said it would open offices in Atlanta, Ga.

BMCR's executive director, the Rev. Cain Felder, said Atlanta was chosen because of its "greater potential" in such items as larger black community, larger business community, more black institutions, and presence of other civil-rights organizations.

BMCR chairman James M. Lawson of Memphis, Tenn., earlier had cited Nashville as the "citadel" of The United Methodist Church where black staff members could provide a "supportive fellowship."

In addition to these changes involving both an official and unofficial group, there was a proposal by United Methodism's Program-Curriculum Committee for a program of "crisis education" specifically geared to help United Methodists understand and respond to the nature and causes of racism in the United States.

The committee called for a task force to plan a program mobilizing

"all educational resources" at the disposal of the denomination "to reach, enlighten, and motivate United Methodists to deal with this crisis." The committee's next meeting is scheduled December 8-12.

'PROJECT EQUALITY' MEMBERSHIP APPROVED

After 12 weeks study, The Methodist Publishing House was authorized in mid-June to apply for membership in Project Equality, nationwide interfaith organization promoting fair employment.

Authorization for MPH membership—subject of considerable controversy throughout the denomination for several months—came from the Board of Publication's executive committee. That group acted on recommendation of a committee named by the board.

The five-man committee will continue as a co-ordinating and liaison group for all matters involving Project Equality and the board.

The "supplier" membership in Project Equality authorized by the executive committee means that a company or agency signs a commitment form declaring it is a fair employer regarding racial minorities. Purchasers, such as local churches, are then encouraged to favor those organizations which have signed supplier commitments.

The 1968 General Conference endorsed Project Equality and recommended that boards, agencies, conferences, and local churches participate in it. Last fall the Board of Publication endorsed Project Equality principles; in March it authorized the executive committee to act for the board and named the five-man committee.

DePAUW QUALIFIES FOR FORD \$2 MILLION

DePauw University, a United Methodist-related school in Greencastle, Ind., has surpassed by \$500,000 a three-to-one matching goal set by the Ford Foundation, thus qualifying for a \$2-million grant from the foundation.

DePauw president William E. Kerstetter said that in addition to \$6.5 million already raised in cash, an additional \$2.5 million in pledges is outstanding.

Dr. Kerstetter also announced that the Frank M. Moore Foundation of Indianapolis (named for the late DePauw alumnus and insurance executive) had pledged \$1 million to the university's capital campaign.

Alliances Against Extremism

IF A RECENT United Methodist Conference on Extremism can be accepted as a reliable barometer, church people and their organizations are up against two realities in the extremes of the day:

- Traditional labels and groupings are not adequate. There is a constant shuffle among people of goodwill to find bases from which to work against extremism in its many forms.

- The church cannot go it alone in trying to understand or combat extremism. Church organizations, like their members, are having to seek other organizations with which they can align, at least in part, as agents of reconciliation between all kinds of extremes.

The Conference on Extremism, one of only a few on the subject held in a church-related context, wrestled with the currently "in" extremes of political ideology, race, and generation gap.

After 22 hours in plenary and small-group discussions, the participants (about 200) asked that the United Methodist Board of Missions and the Board of Christian Social Concerns "provide some specific guidance to individuals and groups in the church for aligning with organizations and movements whose goals may coincide at some points with ours, even though we cannot join in their total programs."

That resolution, adopted with no negative votes, came from a discussion group which tied into one consultant sociologist's attempt to list principal characteristics of mainstream and extreme groups. Several persons seemed to express a feeling which may be church wide: "I don't fit in any of these groups; there must be another category for me."

The conference gave evidence of two difficulties in dealing with extremism: the problems of achieving precise definitions, and impartiality.

Under sponsorship of the Women's Division of the Board of Missions, the conference called on church historian Franklin H. Littell to keynote the two-day discussion. Pressed for a definition of extremism, Dr. Littell first said "totalitarianism" is a term he prefers to "extremism," then said a group can be identified as extremist by whether it is committed to open dialogue or is a conspiracy to pre-

vent dialogue and participation.

Another speaker, Federal Bureau of Investigation executive Charles Brennan, was scheduled to speak on *The Current Character and Methodology of Extremist Groups, Both Right and Left*. But right-wing characteristics and methodology did not enter his remarks until a question-answer period following his speech. To a participant's comment that he had heard nothing from Mr. Brennan on the extreme right, the 21-year FBI veteran said it was "important to put first things first."

Mr. Brennan's reply to another question also indicated the elusiveness of extremism. Asked what specific criteria the FBI uses to determine what are totalitarian and what are legitimate movements, he said his agency is guided by a list of organizations compiled by the attorney general's office. Pressed on the nature of that list, he said it is based on complaints to and investigations by the FBI.

Not even "violence" could be satisfactorily defined by this unique conference. Women's Division staff member Mary Sykes Wylie, the conference's youngest speaker, alluded to student radical groups when she said, "In a society which okays the burning of women and children in Viet Nam, students don't consider it violent to mess up some rooms."

The reality of violence was un- denied, though. Its outline was most sharply drawn by the Rev. Clayton Hammond, associate executive secretary of United Methodism's new Commission on Religion and Race. Mr. Hammond foresaw black radicalism and white racism each "ready to hazard the physical death," leading the nation to "a period of genocide." Then he asked: "Why must people, black and white, face such a dark future?"

In a summary of the conference, Dr. Richard Nesmith, chief of planning and strategy for the Board of Missions' National Division, said:

"Each of us comes out of a background that is largely pietistic . . . [but] if we try to start from a pietistic base in determining the church's place in the world, we will not get very far. . . ."

"We live in a systematized world, of corporations, of institutions. That's the way we get our work done, the way we find our
(Continued on page 20.)

identification. In this day to talk of being concerned about persons means that you do not only think in person-to-person terms but you must also think in corporate terms. It's no longer enough to be simply concerned about the saving of persons apart from the saving of the systems."

Though Dr. Nesmith declared there are no one-two-three avenues, he did suggest three church responses to extremism: (1) conferences where church people try to become more enlightened about the problems of extremism; (2) "monitoring of the church" to find where congregations are beset by extremists and providing supportive resources, and (3) increased use of trans-parish forms of church life, molding into networks of congregations or other units of action appropriate to the scale of problems confronted.

Individually and collectively, the Conference on Extremism seemed guided by Dietrich Bonhoeffer's description of Christ as "the man for others." In this instance, "others" are those persons and those groups with whom the church can identify and align in a confrontation with extremism. When the arena is extremism and the goal is reconciliation, coalition is the only viable response to challenge.

—John A. Lovelace

PRAYERS SCHEDULED FOR WORLD PEACE

While one board prepared to lead what remained of United Methodism's 1969 "united prayer for world peace," another board's executive committee called for repeal of the draft law.

The United Methodist Board of Evangelism announced tentative plans for a day of prayer for peace on Thanksgiving Day or on the Sunday before or after the holiday. The 1968 General Conference designated 1969 as a year of prayer for peace and asked the evangelism board to guide the emphasis. The board is compiling resources from the denomination's general agencies for use in the peace-prayer emphasis.

Advocating repeal of the draft law was the Board of Christian Social Concerns' executive committee. Prolonged acceptance of military conscription is dangerous to the American way of life, the committee said.

In Australia, the Methodist General Conference called on that nation's government to repeal its

military service act. One Australian Methodist said, "With all the propaganda machinery the government has, if it can't convince enough young men to come forward to defend Australia, there is something radically wrong with the cause it is espousing."

Consideration for draft evaders and military deserters was at the heart of two moves by American churchmen.

Forty-six U.S. Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish leaders, including three United Methodist bishops, released a statement in Canada thanking the Canadian Parliament for granting landed immigrant status to U.S. armed-forces deserters.

Landed immigrant status is required in Canada for any alien to remain more than six months. It also is a step toward citizenship.

Among signers of the statement of thanks were United Methodist Bishops Ralph T. Alton of Madison, Wis., Charles F. Golden of San Francisco, Calif., and W. Maynard Sparks of Seattle, Wash.

The United Church of Christ's Board of Homeland Ministries adopted a resolution calling for presidential amnesty and pardon for those sentenced to prison for refusing to be drafted because of opposition to the Viet Nam war. The resolution also asked amnesty for those who have fled the country to avoid the draft as well as those who deserted over the war issue.

RETIRED BISHOP GUM DIES IN VIRGINIA

Bishop Walter C. Gum, retired former head of the Richmond and Louisville Areas, died recently at age 71 in Norfolk, Virginia.



Bishop Gum

Elected to the episcopacy in 1960, Bishop Gum had long been a champion of church efforts in alleviating economic ills. In 1968 he

said, "The church must continue to be champion of the common people . . . or else it has no future."

The bishop was at the center of an international incident in 1951 when he walked up to East German guards at Berlin's Brandenburg Gate and asked if he could enter and take pictures. Surprisingly, the guards said yes. But all his film was overexposed.

Bishop Gum was a graduate of Emory University, Atlanta, Ga. He is survived by his widow, Mary Lucille Hendricks Gum, and a daughter.

Island's Medical' Occupation'

The tiny island of Anguilla had two "invasions" this spring: one, a widely publicized military occupation by British troops, the other a less-known program by 13 South Carolina physicians under United Methodist auspices.

"Mission: Anquilla" saw the physicians volunteer short stints and pay their own travel costs to take medical aid to the 35-square-mile island 150 miles east of Puerto Rico. With a racially mixed population of 6,000, the island has one doctor, a few nurses, a 27-bed hospital, three clinics, and virtually no laboratory facilities.

Mission spearhead was Dr. Michael C. Watson of Bamberg, S.C., a member of the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief and of the South Carolina Conference's Board of Missions.

Dr. Watson said physicians spent short periods on the island, both before and after its brief rebellion and occupation by British troops. Physicians gave the island government all fees above costs and suggested to the island's leadership ways to meet further health needs. Dr. Watson said the program attracted more volunteers, including medical specialists, than could be used.

The island has been associated with Britain since 1650. Formerly a part of the three-island state of St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla, it declared its independence in February and became a self-governing republic. After nearly two weeks of military occupation, Anguilla and Britain reached an accord calling for British administration "in full consultation and co-operation" with representatives of the people of Anguilla.

Centennial in Capital

The only church entitled to call itself the "national" church of United Methodism is celebrating its centennial this year in Washington.

Metropolitan Memorial United Methodist Church in the national capital dates from the 1852 General Conference of The Methodist Episcopal Church. That conference "commended to the church at large" the expense of such a "national church," and at least one subsequent General Conference (1868) recommended that a collection be taken in each congregation to pay for "so costly an edifice."

The original building was dedicated in 1869; hence the selection of this as the centennial year. The congregation relocated on its present site across the street from United Methodist-related American University in 1932, and an enlarged sanctuary, seating 900, was consecrated in 1959.

Nine months of centennial celebrations are including a community open house with women in cos-



tumes [see picture], publication of the church's history in a limited-edition hardback book, a series of centennial services and historical exhibits, and a centennial pageant.

Among its many ties to national leadership was service by President Ulysses S. Grant as first chairman of the church's official board.

VARIED APPROACHES TRIED AGAINST URBAN PRESSURES

Relief of urban pressures is the target, but two United Methodist agencies took different routes toward it in recent actions.

The Board of Pensions placed \$250,000 on time deposits in Hyde Park Bank and Trust Co., of Chicago, Ill., to support the bank's urban-development division.

Pensions General Secretary Claire C. Hoyt said the bank "seems to be significantly effective in urban development." He also said the investment adds to others his board has made in support of United Methodism's "socio-religious goals."

The Board of Missions took a different route. Asserting that the urban crisis is in part a product of rural poverty, the board pledged major support for rural-community development.

The board's National Division will provide \$50,000 to train and pay six parish developers to help annual conferences plan and develop ministries in selected town and country locations. Annual conferences will provide housing, living, travel, and program costs.

The National Division said, "Rural poverty has been a factor in the explosive crisis now besetting the urban ghettos." The board said it

will assist rural economic enterprises, especially co-operatives in many poverty areas.

CENTURY CLUB

Two retired ministers are among those joining the ranks of the Century Club this month.

Mrs. Harry (Inez) Briggs, 100, Jamestown, N.Y.

Mrs. J. J. Edgar, 100, San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. Elizabeth Garrison, 100, Kincaid, Kans.

The Rev. F. R. Lowry, 100, Durham, N.C.

The Rev. Bert Nichols, 101, Waterville, N.Y.

Mrs. J. H. Reed, 100, Lakeland, Fla.

Mrs. Ada Swanson, 100, Shullsburg, Wis.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where he or she is a member, and its location.

CRITERIA ESTABLISHED FOR HISTORY CENTER

The Commission on Archives and History, meeting recently in Little Rock, Ark., adopted criteria for selection of a United Methodist archives and history center.

Choice of a permanent archives location is expected during 1970. All areas of the country are being invited to nominate locations. Selection criteria include costs, population, accessibility to users, and nearness of other cultural and research facilities.

Purposes of the center will be to provide offices for the commission, to house accrued archival collections, to provide a historical research center for critical study and writing, and to offer a museum for public exhibition.

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

Virginia Law, widow of Burleigh Law, Methodist missionary killed by Congolese rebels in 1964 and author of *Appointment Congo*, which describes her missionary experience, has been named director of the family-worship department of *The Upper Room*.

Senator **Harold E. Hughes** of Iowa has been named chairman of a U.S. Senate subcommittee to investigate problems involving drinking and drugs.

Mrs. Victor S. Coleman, wife of an Army chaplain, has been designated 1969 Military Wife of the Year.

Mrs. Dorothy A. Elston, member of St. Paul's Church in Odessa, Del., has been appointed treasurer of the United States.

DEATHS: Dr. **Charles W. Iglehart**, missionary and Far East expert . . . the Rev. **Bruce Hornell**, pastor of Rio Vista Church in Cleburne, Texas, died trying to rescue people stranded in trees during a seven-inch cloudburst.

Going the Second Mile

HOW IRONIC it is that the churches, long thought of as the conscience of the nation, became the first targets of supporters of the Black Manifesto [see page 13]. One would have expected that demands for reparations—a term not wholly inappropriate in U.S. race relations—would be issued first to more overtly racist institutions. Not so. They were addressed to the churches, which have declared against racism even at the cost of losing members and financial support.

The mind boggles at the thought of blacks demanding conscience money from the one institution of society which is supposed to be the conscience of that society. But bewilderment, or shock, or anger about these developments will not lead to the understanding required to deal creatively with the situation as it is.

There is no disputing that black demands have generated great fear, frustration, and outrage among white churchmen—even among some of those who have strongly supported the goals of the civil-rights movement. As always, it is one thing to point the finger of guilt at someone else; when it is pointed at one's self, everything is different. In addition, many churchmen feel that the church has done as much as it could—practically—in supporting the aspirations of minorities long pushed off the main avenues of American life and progress. To then be told that this is nothing, and that much more is demanded, is hard to swallow.

On the other hand, there is a sense in which we in the churches should be flattered that demands have been made of us. Supporters of the Black Manifesto are saying, through their actions, that the church is a central and influential institution in society. If it weren't, why would they bother? This idea was expressed indirectly a few months ago by Dr. Howard Schomer of the National Council of Churches staff. Attacks on organized religion are basically healthy signs, he said, because "By and large, critics do not regret that religion is still around, but demand that it become more influential in the life of the people."

Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Missions, echoes this idea.

"In the field of power," he observes, "the churches are more effective than sometimes recognized. They can interpret important issues to the state and to business; they can exhort and bring pressure in behalf of justice; they can be innovators and reconcilers, bringing healing amid violence."

But recognizing that we might feel both fright and flattery still doesn't suggest how Christians should respond to current black demands. That answer can be formed only on the foundation of a basic theology of the church.

If, for instance, one's theology holds that the church must stand above all worldly care, strife, and pressure, then, of course, he will not favor even serious consideration of the demands.

Those who would support this kind of theology,

however, are out of step with today's United Methodist Church—and with recent theological understanding. Even Billy Graham, certainly no hard-bitten social activist, long ago recognized the essentiality of Christians' applying themselves to elimination of the ills and evils of society. During a mid-June television interview, he said he was against the disruption of worship services for any reason, but recalled that throughout history God often had spoken his Word to his people through unconventional channels—once even using a donkey for the purpose. And, he added, the churches should reassess the use of their resources.

A prominent theme in much of contemporary theology is the concept of servanthood. If, as many suggest, Christ was best characterized as a man for others, can we expect less of the church which exists in his name? And must not one of the fundamental intentions of the church be the dedication of itself, its people, and its resources, for the sake of others who suffer? Even when it hurts?

More concretely, the church should list among its basic tasks these two which bear on the question before us.

The first is *defining and proclaiming what should be the goals of any human society*. We Christians believe that these goals are God-given and were illustrated in the life of Christ. The church should both preserve and proclaim these truths. On the particular question of black aspirations, our faith tells us that all men are equal in the sight of God.

Words alone are empty, however, unless they are translated into action. So another task follows: *showing how men can live together in love*. Here the church has the task of creating, through constant experimentation and self-renewal, the kinds of structures, processes, and programs that embody the values we proclaim. We should set the example, and then tell the rest of society: "See, it can work. Now let's make it happen everywhere."

There should be no disagreement among Christians that many in our society have been and still are treated shabbily—blacks being only the most conspicuous example. The church has declared itself against this, and it has made special efforts recently to correct the evils that remain. No one would say, however, that the church has done all it could do.

Now the church is confronted by demands—often made in intemperate, unwise ways—that we channel additional support toward achievement of the goals of justice and equality we have declared as our own. It is a chance to respond in creative ways to the problems the Black Manifesto addresses—ways which may or may not coincide with any specific demands, but which will demonstrate to society the meaning of Christian concern, compassion, and love.

It is an opportunity to show that our deeds match our words—a chance to go the second mile.

—Your Editors

himself as Richard. His skin was light brown and his shabby clothes hung loosely on a frame that was too thin. He wanted to talk to a clergyman.

My suspicions were aroused. As a white pastor in the ghetto, I had learned to be cautious about strangers off the street. Their tales of woe were incredibly inventive and believable, but almost never true. What did this man want? What was his game?

Richard

By E. LEON SUTCH

Pastor, Epworth United Methodist Church
Elgin, Illinois

IT WAS A WARM summer evening in 1961. The air was breezeless and oppressive, the kind of night that makes Chicago cops nervous and edgy. But that was before the riots, and the night sounds made the ghetto seem alive and friendly.

Nearly everyone was outside, waiting for the tenements to cool. Old men sat talking on the rotting steps of their front porches. Young mothers in faded metal chairs held their babies in their laps and kept a watchful eye on the older children playing on the sidewalks. A singing group of teenage boys sauntered by, imitating the latest hit record with surprisingly harmonic tones. Perhaps they dreamed of making their own record and escaping the dull gray ghetto life.

The pleasant sounds drifted through the open windows of our parsonage when the doorbell rang. It was a young man who appeared to be in his late twenties. He introduced

Richard had been raised a Catholic, he said, but had fallen away from the faith. He didn't know what he believed anymore, but he needed to believe something. The pressures were piling up on him. His wife had died recently, leaving him to care for two small children. One of them was sick and he had no job and no money. But he hastened to add that these were temporary problems which he thought he could solve himself. It was the problem of life—its meaning and purpose—that bugged him. He wanted to find his way back to a meaningful faith.

We talked for an hour on that first visit. My suspicions began to melt and I found myself liking this man. He seemed intelligent and sincere, genuinely concerned about the meaning of his life. At the conclusion of his visit I offered him \$2 to buy a little food for his children. He protested the act of charity but after

some insistence on my part he took the money and left.

That was my first encounter with Richard. There were to be many more. I discovered later that the real purpose of his initial visit, indeed, had been that little act of charity. The truth is that he was a "con" man, not a professional as some are who ply their trade regularly but an expert amateur who played the game when the need arose. He was the best that I had ever met and he conned me good.

Still later, I was to discover the full truth about Richard. It was not pleasant. Former dope addict, ex-convict, and alcoholic, jobless and floating free, he survived by his wits.

As the truth unraveled, our relationship gained strength. But it was a perilous one from the beginning, pushed to the brink by the demands he placed upon it. He was a night person who roamed the streets and saloons of the city. When the streets quieted down, he wanted to talk, perhaps out of a deepening sense of loneliness. And when he was in our neighborhood, he would lean on my doorbell until I came down out of my sleep to let him in.

I didn't mind so much when he was sober. But usually he was drunk, and then it was intolerable. It wasn't that he was hostile—he was more like a child who needed comfort. But he was unintelligible and reeking of cheap wine. Quite often he would conclude his nocturnal visit by vomiting on the floor, usually in the hallway somewhere between the living room and the bathroom. I stopped letting him in on these occasions. He would get angry then and stumble off the porch mumbling something about "whitey." But later, next day or next week, he would return.

On one occasion our relationship nearly fractured. He came to the parsonage while I was away. The church secretary, whose office was on the first floor, refused to let him in. She told him I was out, but he didn't believe her. In his drunken stupor he



jammed a fist through a first-floor window and climbed in, then prowled through the house looking for me while the secretary fled.

I returned to find a very frightened secretary waiting for me outside. Richard was inside, asleep and bleeding on the sofa, his arm gashed by the broken glass. I called the police. They took him to a hospital to have the wound dressed and then to the station. I filed charges against him and was sure he would never forgive me. But the next day he telephoned sober and almost cheerful. He wasn't angry, just hungry, and he had called to ask if I would bring some food to him at the station.

Jail held no great trauma for Richard. It was a way of life. Over the years he had developed a style of life that was uniquely his own. He had, indeed, been a family man (with two children), but had simply walked away, knowing that he could not support them. He had a narcotics record of some length, but had kicked the habit because he could not afford it, and the withdrawal pains were too severe to make it an option. He turned to alcohol as a replacement.

In the warm months he lived free, roaming the streets, conning for his needs, hocking his meager possessions, sleeping in alleys or on a friend's couch. As winter approached, the alleys became too cold for sleeping, and in desperation he would get himself arrested for vagrancy, or drunkenness, or a brawl. Because of his narcotics record he was usually sent to the prison at Vandalia in southern Illinois. There he spent the cold winter months in warmth and comfort. As spring approached his term would end, and he would return to the Chicago streets and his summer style of life.

These winter months were never wasted. It was in jail that Richard received most of his education. He devoured everything available in the prison library—newspapers, magazines, novels, poetry. He was fully tuned in on the world and he cared about it. When President Kennedy was killed in 1963, he wrote from a prison cell:

"I have been in a rather deep mood of depression since the Pres' assassination. You are probably aware

of the tremendous respect I had for JFK. His wife displayed all the charm, poise, and natural grace that rich breeding and selected schooling endow. She has such perfect composure in what must be a difficult time. It is no wonder that the man was so proud of her and always took time to introduce her to dignitaries. . . ."

As a conversationalist, Richard could be a delightful companion. He was articulate, expressing his ideas in a colorful mixture of street language and flawless English grammar. He loved jazz music and knew a great deal about it. He was well read in literature and drama and sometimes expressed unusual insights. He felt a special kinship with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was himself a smoker of opium. To the ordinary layman, Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* is a literary masterpiece to be appreciated from afar. To Richard it was a thing of extraordinary beauty and communication, fully shared only by a secret fraternity of which he was a member.

Altogether Richard was an extraordinary human being. Sometimes he lived on lies and his ability to outwit others, but he observed certain rules which kept him within the human community. He was basically honest in his relationship with those he trusted and respected.

I wanted to "save" Richard in the worst possible way. I wasn't expecting miracles, but I felt that with all the available psychiatric and social services something could be done.

I began with his mother, hoping to gain some support from her, some insight into his character. Expecting the worst when I visited her, I was surprised to find a rather genteel woman living in an attractive and well-kept apartment. She was not, however, enthusiastic about my mission. She had picked Richard up from a good many gutters, buying new clothes, helping to find a job, giving him a fresh start. Each time he disappointed her. The job didn't work out, the clothes ended in a pawnshop. After many such painful episodes she finally had abdicated all responsibility for him.

Next I visited St. Leonard's House, a rehabilitation center for ex-convicts. I consulted with the director, telling him as much as I knew about Richard.

He didn't hold out much hope. He introduced me to a new word, *recidivism*, a word used by penologists to describe persons whose character traits are so fixed that they probably cannot be changed. I have hated that word to this day.

Still I had hope. One day, after a particularly painful period in his life, I suggested to Richard that he commit himself to the alcoholic-treatment center of a state hospital. He did not agree easily, but finally consented, and together we drove up to the Chicago State Hospital on the city's northwest side. He was interviewed, and then we waited for his admission. A hospital staff person finally came and told us they didn't have the proper facilities to help Richard. Richard felt humiliated, hope having grown in him, too. "Dammit!" he said, "I can't even get into the creepy house."

NEXT day we checked with a referral agency and found that the state hospital in Manteno, 50 miles south of the city, might accept Richard. He was eager to give it a try and we made the trip. He was accepted and it seemed to be an answer to prayer.

Richard adjusted to life at Manteno and stayed there six months. He wrote often about his experiences. As part of his therapy he was given a job in the surgical unit of the hospital. He found it exciting, and wrote:

"I have really fallen in love with my job. I have watched several operations and I never realized all the skill and know-how that is a common part of surgery. Tuesday is abdominal surgery and I try never to miss that as it is most fascinating. I thought at first I might be squeamish, but for some reason I just wasn't. I saw the plastic surgeon perform a miracle on a girl's chin. She had had a plug of it bitten out by another mental patient. He made a very deep incision like a 'Z' and folded the lapping skin over, and I don't think you will be able to tell. I wish I were a doctor."

Richard also began to take piano lessons and wrote with some feeling:

"This piano thing is presenting many hurdles and it is only because of blind stubbornness that I continue. When I begin to feel that I've bitten

off too much, I go to the library and play Oscar Peterson on the earphone setup here. I think that if I ever reached a level comparable to him I would lock myself in a room with a piano and gas myself to death."

Richard sounded happier at Manteno than ever before. When I visited him at the hospital, he looked as good as his letters sounded. His broken front teeth had been replaced by new dental work. He had new dark-rimmed glasses which gave him a scholarly appearance. He had gained weight and his clean, neatly pressed clothes hung well on him. It looked as if Manteno might well be the beginning of a new life for him.

As the end of his treatment neared, Richard wrote to ask me to come down and pick him up. On the designated day I was late in arriving and Richard had already left for Chicago by bus. I drove home regretting my delay, but I knew that Richard would be in touch soon. That night the doorbell rang. It was two in the morning and I was asleep. Thinking of nothing more than my discomfort at being awakened, I went down to find Richard—dead drunk!

Soon after that I moved from the ghetto to another parish in a nearby city. I don't see Richard very often anymore, but occasionally he calls long distance, collect. Not long ago he came out to have dinner. At first the visit went well. He looked good and seemed in fine spirits. But as the afternoon wore on, he began to get nervous and to perspire. By the time we put him on the train back to the city, he was obviously relieved to be on his way.

I have learned through experience to accept Richard as he is, to enjoy him during his periods of sobriety, to understand his compulsion to be drunk. He is a product of the ghetto, his ample talent and creative mind smothered by its oppression.

He is still out there somewhere, roaming the streets, probably conning new friends, laughing, joking, drinking, perhaps trying to forget what he might have been. Even in his present condition his humanity comes through. And occasionally he gives his remarkable gifts to those with the stamina and good fortune to be his friends. □

Unusual Methodists



DILLMAN S. BULLOCK: *From spools to species . . .*

"I am a born collector. I had my first collection before I was four," explains Dr. Dillman S. Bullock, creator and curator of one of Chile's finest museums. That first collection consisted of discarded spools from his mother's sewing box. Next he collected Indian arrowheads from his parents' Michigan farm.

In 1923 Dr. Bullock went to Chile as an agricultural missionary. Stationed at El Vergel (it means The Garden), a United Methodist-related school and demonstration farm about 350 miles from Santiago, he began collecting things there, too: "to have material for teaching." By 1961, he had enough material to open a museum. Now, more than 25,000 tourists and students annually see his collections of ancient archaeological findings, birds, insects, mammals, tools, seed, and other items. He is credited with discovering three species of birds, three mammals, five fish, six mollusks, one frog (*Telmatobufo Bullocki*, named after him), and more than 100 insects.

Pioneering Dr. Bullock opened the first U.S. Depart-

ment of Agriculture attache office in Latin America—in Buenos Aires in 1921. Three years later he was at El Vergel, one of the first fully trained agricultural missionaries appointed by a church board. An ordained minister, he both preached and taught at the school.

Ninety-one-year-old "Uncle Sam," as they call him, and his 101-year-old wife, "Aunt Katie," officially retired in 1958. But they continue to live at El Vergel, so Dr. Bullock can oversee the museum and the 50-year-old school's biology laboratory. □



HEIDI LIN ZIMMER: *High-flying teen-ager . . .*

A pert 17-year-old from Fullerton, Calif., Heidi Lin Zimmer, is one of about 1,000 athletes from 38 nations who soon will be in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, for the 11th International Games for the Deaf.

Like their namesake, the "Deaf Olympics" are held every four years. The August 9-16 competitions will be varied: track and field, swimming, wrestling, tennis, water polo, handball, gymnastics, cycling, and others.

Heidi's event is the high jump and she has been winning awards since 1967—the first year she competed in high jumping. That year she jumped 4 feet, 5 inches, to a first place gold medal in a statewide track and field meet against hearing competitors. Last August at the "Berkeley Classic," a national deaf meet, she won third in the high jump and a berth on the 120 member U.S. team going to Belgrade.

Heidi's training schedule has included working out an hour a day during the week, two hours a day on weekends. She keeps in shape by weight lifting, tumbling, jumping hurdles, and running.

While in Europe, Heidi will enjoy a two-week sight-seeing tour of Italy, Greece, Holland, and other places. It will not be her first experience abroad, as her name indicates. She explains, "My sisters and I were named after different places where my father served as a minister. My name is Heidi (for Switzerland) Lin (for Linda Vista—my father's first church)." Her sisters are Tanya Tem, 14; Michelle Arianne, 11; and Kirstin Val, 8.

Heidi attends the California School for the Deaf at Riverside, where she was a freshman-prom princess. She is active in student government and sports.

A member of First United Methodist Church in Fullerton, Miss Zimmer has participated on work teams in Mexico and San Francisco. "I like being a preacher's daughter because we get to go many places," she says. "I don't like it because people think we are different." □

SIKA PROBYN STEVENS: *Working for unity . . .*

Sierra Leone, like other African countries, has internal turmoil based on tribal antagonisms. In 1967 Siaka Probyn Stevens was sworn in as the republic's prime minister, having defeated a member of the Mendes, the most populous tribe in the nation. Soon after his election, the prime minister was out of office, following an army-led coup.

But a countercoup staged by junior army officers was successful, and Mr. Stevens returned from exile to accept reappointment as prime minister. That was in April, 1968. Since then Mr. Stevens has been trying to stay in office by convincing people that his government is for all Sierra Leone people, regardless of tribe, religion, education, and economic status.

The 64-year-old nationalist was educated at Evangelical United Brethren schools in Sierra Leone, and in Oxford, England. In 1923 he joined the national police force. Later he helped construct a railway, cofounded the United Mine Workers Union in his country, and held a number of local political posts such as the mayorship of the national capital, Freetown. He has headed his party, the All People's Congress, for a number of years. His political views have sent him to prison twice.

Mr. Stevens and his wife live on the outskirts of Freetown, where they are members of the large and growing King Memorial United Methodist Church. □



Always in the public eye, expected to be a model to others and live up to unrealistic demands, preachers' kids are the victims of a double standard.

Pity the Poor P.K.s

By JOY A. STERLING

I'LL NEVER forget the afternoon I found my second-grade son huddled, sobbing, on the steps of the church.

"Jimmy!" I exclaimed, "whatever are you doing here?"

"Nobody will play with me," he wailed. "I'm waiting for Daddy. Maybe he will play with me."

I knew my husband was working on his sermon for Sunday and needed to be undisturbed.

"He'd like to play," I told our tear-stained boy, "but I don't know when he'll be through work. Let's invite some of your friends to the house instead."

Then, with impassioned urgency, our youngster asked the question ministers' children have asked ever since there were ministers' children:

"Mommy, why did Daddy have to be a minister?"

I knew Jimmy didn't want a detailed account of how his father had felt the call of God on his life, nor of how, having seen people live without the Christian faith, he had devoted his life to bringing it to others. Jimmy simply wanted to know why the other children thought he was different because he was a P.K.—preacher's kid.

There are people, I know, who will say that Jimmy's being a preacher's kid had nothing to do with his friends' deserting him. They will say it was because he was a bully, or a sissy, or a tattletale, or because he had some other personality fault. But I know better. All the other preacher's kids and parents of preacher's kids know better. Jimmy isn't perfect, but what child is! The difference was simply that his father is a minister.

Listen to youngsters being intro-

duced: "This is Mary. This is Tom. This is Susan—her father is a minister. This is Harry . . ." It never fails. Susan is set apart, different from the rest because she's a P.K.

Nearly everyone has heard it said: "The preacher's kids are the orneriest kids in town." (Preachers have a private answer for this. They say, "If the preacher's kids are ornery, it's because they have to play with the kids whose parents are on the official board.") Sometimes a minister's child does get into more than his share of devilry. When this happens, I believe he has been helped along the way to mischief by impossible standards imposed upon him by laymen.

When I was a little girl (a minister's daughter who vowed she never would marry a minister), my best friend was a doctor's daughter. Once I went home with Betty for Sunday dinner. At the table the doctor and his wife decided to go to a nearby amusement park that afternoon. Delightedly assuming that I would be included, Betty and I began to plan, but her mother interrupted: "Betty, dear, Joy can't go there on Sunday. After all, she's a minister's daughter." So they took me home, broken-hearted, and went on to spend an afternoon doing something that was fine for a doctor's family but "too sinful" for the minister's child.

Times have changed, of course. Nowadays the minister is expected, even encouraged, to take part in community affairs. People have begun to realize that he needs time for a normal life. Even the minister's wife gradually is being accepted as an individual rather than a figure from a factory where ministers' wives are molded to specifications. But the

poor parsonage children still are branded, just as much as if they wore "P.K." on their foreheads.

In this enlightened day and age, how do you think my oldest son was disciplined when he got into a fight at school? The teacher reprimanded the other boy and sent him to his desk. But Johnny was brought to the front of the class to hear: "Johnny, do you think a minister's son should fight on the school ground? Of course not! You have to set a good example for all the other boys and girls because your father . . ." Fiddlesticks!

Johnny is a normally impetuous 10-year-old, so occasionally he has been sent to the principal's office. How does the principal discipline him? You guessed it. A man-to-man talk: "Now, John, how do you think a minister wants his son to behave?"

Certainly a minister wants his son to behave, just as policemen, or taxi drivers, or farmers want their sons to behave. But why can't people see that when they expect extraordinary behavior from a minister's child, they are challenging that child to prove to his peers, and to himself, that he is the same as they?

Often he goes overboard in the proving. One rebellious P.K., a teenager, was at a youth banquet when he was drafted to ask the blessing. He rose, bowed his head, and solemnly intoned an old classic: "Good bread, good meat, good God, let's eat. Amen."

Our local high-school kids are in the habit of driving to a neighboring town on Saturday evenings. There they ride up and down the main street. A minister friend allowed his son to take the family car on one

of these Saturday-evening excursions, not because he considered it a desirable type of entertainment but because he realized the importance to a teen-ager of being part of the group. The next morning at church six members of his congregation felt it their duty to inform him that they did not consider this a proper way for their minister's boy to spend an evening. Among them was a lady whose two grandsons had spent the same evening in the same way.

Youngsters, too, have caught the idea that children of the minister are supposed to have different standards than they have. This is why ministers' children can find themselves ostracized, and why I found Jimmy crying on the church steps.

Fear of ostracism makes them dread to be different. Johnny was out of jeans and had some dress slacks he was about to outgrow, so he wore the slacks to school. An older boy cornered him and demanded: "Do you dress like that because your father is a reverend?"

"No," answered John. "I dress like this because these are the only pants I have." After that he rebelled at wearing the slacks.

A man who chooses to be a minister is fully aware that special requirements and limitations will be imposed upon him. The woman who marries the minister chooses to be a part of this committed life, too, even though it may not be to her liking. Their children have no choice at all.

Society as a whole, and a congregation specifically, does have a right to expect a minister to have high moral standards for himself and for his family. When a minister oversteps any legal or moral boundary, his transgression consequently becomes a juicy tidbit for every newspaper and gossip in the county. And when, as does occasionally happen, a parsonage child runs afoul of the law, much attention is given to the fact that "he is the son of the Rev. So and So."

A congregation should have the assurance that its minister will strive to live up to the highest Christian ideal. But the minister has the right to expect laymen to try to live their lives and lead their families to live according to the same high standard. It is the double standard that I protest.

I think a little insecurity or jealousy lies within the false standard for



"Johnny, do you think a minister's son should fight on the school ground?"

"Of course not! You have to set a good example for all the other boys and girls because your father . . ."

Don't Forget to Write



SEVERAL weeks ago my wife and I received in the mail a highly suspicious looking envelope. It was addressed in irregular block letters and contained a sheet of paper, apparently blank. Reluctant to bother the FBI, I turned the letter over to a friend of mine who is an amateur detective. His report follows:

"The subject item is some sort of communication. The words are in English, but apparently performed with some blunt instrument—perhaps the handle of a toothbrush. The smudges indicate hot chocolate and oatmeal, a breakfast combination usually prepared for children or older folk. Do you, by chance, have a child in summer camp, or an elderly uncle being held for ransom on a dairy farm?"

We were instantly relieved. The letter was obviously from our eight-year-old daughter, currently residing at Nightingale Cottage, Camp Will-O-the-Wisp. We were in for a summer of interesting light reading, we soon discovered.

To handle the correspondence we have set up a sort of assembly line. While my wife presses the letters with a hot iron, I dust them with lampblack, then get out the magnifying glass and code books.

Letter number two from the great outdoors contained traces of fine sand and minute marine life,

leading us to believe it might have been written underwater. There were references to a "tirtle" which she is keeping under her bed despite the efforts of Miss Harkness, the "councilir," who seems to be a bit of a martinet around Nightingale Cottage.

Letter number three seemed to be written in ink. But careful analysis showed it to be grape juice which had a tendency to fade in sunlight. We were disturbed by the news that she had "beaten the day-lights out of a girl named Aggie." While we were wondering how to apologize to the child's parents, further information disclosed the mauling had taken place in a tennis match and afterward she and Aggie had eaten 28 marshmallows apiece at a cookout.

At first Miss Harkness figured pretty heavily in the script. Her small charges in Nightingale Cottage seemed fond of her and would often bring her presents of garter snakes and crawfish which they left in her bed. Such generosity apparently affected Miss Harkness deeply—lately her name has disappeared. We've concluded that she has gotten married, resigned, or thrown herself from a cliff.

Happy Labor Day, Miss Harkness, wherever you are!

—DICK ASHBAUGH

parsonage families—sort of an "I can't be as good as you, so I'll pull you down to my level" philosophy. It is subconscious and simply part of the human nature of all of us. There is no answer for it except to recognize it and then make a conscious effort to correct it. Laymen need to remember that their ministers and their families are not different, but are sinners in need of grace just as they are.

Prejudice, like chickenpox, is contagious. Children aren't born making discriminations. But if they hear their parents say the minister's child should behave differently, it's no wonder they pass this on to the poor P.K.

There are other times when we should loosen our tongues and give praise when praise is due. Any youngster thrives on praise, and if it is in order for the minister's children, it is healing to give it freely. This doesn't mean gushy praise, or false flattery. One minister had the heartbreak of an only son who was a rebel, in trouble with school and the law throughout his high-school years. The father said bitterly one day that the congregation had spoiled the boy when he was little and now it was complaining about his being spoiled when he was grown up. Shortly after the son was sentenced to the penitentiary, the father died. Probably this boy's parents did make mistakes. We all do. Still, the actions and reaction of the congregation were among the deciding factors in that boy's life.

Minister's children, P.K.s, usually are normal, average children who need the same opportunity to prove themselves as other children do, and this is all their parents ask for them. No special favors, no pedestals, no lonely islands on which they stand apart, just the chance to grow up without special restraints or special roles to play. Understanding laymen can give their minister's children this, and those children who have had it will never need to regret the fact that they were sons or daughters in a parsonage family. □

A Mission in Transition



This eager student exemplifies recent changes in Ybor City, Florida. A Latin community since 1886, it is now 60 percent Negro. Accordingly . . .

Text by Martha A. Lane / Pictures by George P. Miller

"WHEN THE COMMUNITY was Spanish and the people spoke a 'foreign' language, there was much romanticism about mission. Now that the area has gone Negro—you know how it is—nobody's really interested," Hector Navas was saying.

The soft-spoken 35-year-old sighed as he contemplated his first year as executive director of Tampa United Methodist Centers.

A New York-born Puerto Rican, Mr. Navas had considered missions work in his parents' homeland. In Chicago, where he attended seminary, he pastored a

Spanish congregation for six years. He knew how to relate to his people. In 1965 the young Evangelical United Brethren missionary was named administrator of his denomination's Ybor City Mission. Ybor City (pronounced E-bor) is a decaying inner-city sector, once a Tampa suburb, dotted with cigar factories manned by Spanish-speaking people.

Hector Navas was sent there to pastor the Latin St. Paul Church and to direct its nursery-through-sixth-grade school. Last year his directorship was expanded to include Wolfí and Rosa Valdez settlements, two Method-



Tampa United Methodist Centers have opened their school and churches to the newcomers, and a new approach to community needs is being developed.

ist missions serving the Spanish-speaking since the turn of the century. The three institutions now are called Tampa United Methodist Centers.

Changes can occur almost overnight in the inner city, particularly when spurred by urban-renewal projects. Today Pastor Navas' community—which had been Spanish-speaking since about 1886—is 60 percent black. He expects it to be all black soon. Many Spanish people already have left for the suburbs. But Hector Navas is staying in Ybor City, convinced that Spanish people can meet needs of the black newcomers better than whites.

"Years ago there was a sign on nearby Clearwater Beach which said 'No Negroes, Latins, Or Dogs Allowed,'" he points out. "Many Spanish people remember this. I think here in Tampa you have people who understand—Spanish people—who maybe are not reaching out to the Negro overtly, but who understand what the Negro has gone through, how he has been discriminated against."

The determined young man's task is laden with hard questions: How can he change the traditional EUB-Methodist missions approach to Ybor City without alienating himself from the mother church? How can he convince black newcomers that they can work and live with Spanish people, and at the same time persuade Latins to accept their new responsibilities to Ybor City? Whites who have devoted a lifetime of missionary service to Ybor City find it difficult to understand that black leadership is needed now. Nor do community funding agencies believe that black university students are capable of directing neighborhood centers, as Hector found out this spring ("Methodists May Lose United Fund Money" a *Tampa Times* headline stated).

"All three centers, operated by white leadership with





Directing it all is Puerto Rican Hector Navas (above center), Ben Berry (above right), pool-shooting Don Steger, and another black, Roosevelt Dell (below right picture).



white middle-class values, were OK for the past, but these centers will never move ahead now unless there is Negro leadership," Hector emphasizes. "Fortunately we had two Negro men available. We've placed one at each center—Don Steger at Rosa Valdez, and Roosevelt Dell at Wolff.

"What's happening at these centers is really exciting," he continues. "Don Steger, for example, just initiated a tutoring program for school dropouts. He assigns university students to them on a one-to-one basis. Even meals are included in the program. This is a program that I, even as a sympathetic Spanish person, couldn't start. Young black people will not go into a center directed by a white man."

He pauses to let his words sink in. "We cannot continue to import missionaries and other helping people from the outside—although we still need a certain amount of imported skill for our technical education programs. Indigenous leadership is doing a good job with our teen centers.

"The Negro community here is not angry. They're just indifferent to anything the white church can offer." Another pause, then, "It's almost a welcome thing after coming from Chicago. There's no fear or hatred among the Spanish and black community here."

By sharing his 51 staff people among the various centers, cutting out weak programs, strengthening the better ones, and using the resources of several neighborhood churches besides St. Paul, Hector Navas has encouraged United Methodist Centers to meet substantial community needs. For example:

- St. Paul's school program (the main evangelistic door into the community) has 100 enrolled in nursery, 270 in grades one through six, and 26 staff members. Scholarships enable some low-income Negro youngsters to attend. Tuition costs bar many others who badly need the "head start" St. Paul could provide.

- Co-operation with public agencies whenever possible reduces program duplications, strengthens community spirit. Project Pride, for example, is basically a neighborhood improvement program sponsored jointly by the city of Tampa and the federal government. Mr. Navas donated some St. Paul office space to engineers and other Project Pride officials, who started working in the immediate vicinity. Before this, St. Paul had practically no extension into the community except for Sunday worship services.

- Don Steger's tutorial program, operated out of Rosa Valdez Center, has 500 volunteers on the job—students from the University of Southern Florida, church people, and others.

- Job Budd-ees, another Rosa Valdez Center activity under Don Steger, is a "big brother" type program for 15 and 16-year-old boys. Each boy has a middle-class adult sponsor who helps him get and keep part-time jobs.

- The centers' various day-care programs serve more than 500 children daily.

- Establishment of the Tampa Inner City Parish in 1967 was the first group-ministry attempt in Ybor City. The parish includes three Negro Methodist churches, two United Methodist churches, one Episcopal church, and Tampa United Methodist Centers. First year activities of the parish included: five vacation Bible schools, six day camps, five "look and see" trips for children, five teen

centers and five community playgrounds established, many one-week camp scholarships for youngsters, and two-week seminar/work-camp programs to introduce high-school and college students to inner-city life while enlisting their services in summer programs for neighborhood children.

- Tampa Inner City Parish received a \$70,000 grant earmarked to rehabilitate seven homes in the area. Needy families will be able to buy the improved homes on low monthly installments.

The Tampa Inner City Parish is also addressing itself to the educational and welfare problems of the community. The parish works hand in hand with the city's Community Human Relations Committee and with the Urban League.

In describing his approach to Ybor City's problems, Hector concedes that he is an opportunist. "Whenever an individual or group comes along who is really willing to 'get with it' in the inner city, I'm going to be right there trying to get on his bandwagon—and he can get on mine," he says.

His first big chance to put this philosophy into action came when Benjamin D. Berry, Jr., a black man, was sent into Ybor City by the United Church of Christ to establish a Negro congregation.

"For 3 1/2 years I'd been telling my largely Spanish-background church [St. Paul] that we must open our doors to the Negro population. We were able to open up the school to some degree, but we had not been successful in attracting them to our church.

"Then Ben Berry arrives and tells me, 'I'm here to establish a church. Will you ask your congregation if we could meet in your building—on Sunday evenings or sometime?'

"I agreed to discuss it with my council. Lo and behold, the council would not let them have the space if it meant they were going to worship at a separate hour. They could have the space only if the two congregations worshiped together.

"Now this was a real breakthrough! I didn't expect it—never thought it would come to pass. So Ben took the word back to his group and they said, 'Let's worship together.' So on the first Sunday of January, St. Paul United Methodist Church and the Pottier Street Fellowship United Church of Christ came together and worshiped.

"Now we're beginning to form a joint council on ministries to work out programs together. We're beginning to understand our mission is to the total community—black and white and Spanish. It's one of the greatest things I've experienced."

A visitor to St. Paul on Sunday mornings would find three pastors—Hector, Ben, and a seminary intern—sharing the leadership with a lay leader. Co-operation in the church has been good, so far, and Hector is cautiously optimistic.

"For years Ybor City has been a mission. Now she is faced with her first Christ-centered challenge to be *in mission*," he says. "Whether our Latin people can meet this challenge remains to be seen." □



United Methodism's work in Ybor City ranges from providing education and recreational facilities for youngsters to transporting elderly people to downtown shopping areas.



A Case of HATE

By ZANA MARTIN

I COULD not concentrate on the case being argued in the hot, crowded courtroom. The unexpected events which had brought me here were tumbling too loudly in my mind.

When my friend and neighbor of years, Betty Reth, had asked me to appear as a character witness, I had promised gladly, along with seven other neighbors who had good reason to know the excellence of her character. It seemed an incredible mistake that she had been summoned at all.

The charge was that she "had threatened one Mr. Albert Anthony," and that he "lived in fear of her carrying out said threat." Anyone who knew this gentle woman could only consider the charge ridiculous. Yet, here we were in court, waiting for Betty's case to be called.

The Anthonys had two witnesses, a couple who had recently moved into the neighborhood. I didn't know them. I barely knew the Anthonys.

Betty's attorney had advised her to appear without counsel, since "neighborhood squabbles never amount to anything." Yet, I noted uneasily, in every case before ours the defense had an attorney, no matter how insignificant the charge.

At last Betty's case was called, and we all stood and stepped to the bench. The judge seemed amused at such a large showing of character witnesses. Then Mr. Anthony stated his complaints. Betty, shocked at a vicious outpouring of untruths, burst into sobs and was barely able to manage a tormented "not guilty"—her only words of self-defense.

I was trembling with rage by the time the judge called on me, but I forced myself to speak calmly. I told him we had known the defendant for years as a good neighbor, and that we could not believe her capable of the acts of which she was accused.

"Your Honor," Mr. Anthony interrupted. "Your Honor, this woman, Mrs. Martin, is no decent character

witness. She herself is guilty of slander. She has slandered us all over the neighborhood, causing my wife no end of anguish."

"Yes," Anthony's witness agreed, "that is true. She is a slanderer. Why, I've gotten gossip she has carried as far as two streets in back of me. And not only that," this new neighbor continued, "my house has been broken into three times lately, and one time I caught this woman wandering about my property at 1 a.m."

Some of my neighbors spoke up in shocked protest, but the judge held up a silencing hand, and addressed the witness: "Did you speak with Mrs. Martin on this occasion?"

"Yes," she declared in her drawl. "Yes, I asked her what she was doing. She used some very shocking language, and said she guessed she could go over to visit the neighbors in back of me if she felt like it. But I don't believe she even knows these people, Your Honor."

I stood stunned and silent as the Anthonys testified that they also had seen me, describing me in a red dress which I didn't even own. The situation had become so exaggerated that it was ludicrous. A tense laugh escaped my lips.

"I see nothing funny here," the judge admonished, and I realized too late my mistake. The rest of the testimony became a nightmare as it became more and more obvious that the case had been decided in advance. An attorney waiting for his case muttered, "What a ridiculously one-way thing! Where is their attorney?"

The injustice of the proceedings sank into my heart like a knife. I longed to strike back. In a cold rage I headed for my attorney.

"I'm a free-lance writer," I stormed. "I look after my family, do church work, and several other things. Does it sound as if I have the time, even if I had the desire, to go around slandering people? And as for

wandering about at 1 a.m., only my family knows how really funny that is since I'm afraid to step outside alone after dark!"

"The whole thing is unfortunate, really terrible, Mrs. Martin," my attorney said. "But I don't believe we have enough at this point—nothing concrete, that is—to win a lawsuit."

"But they lied about me in public," I insisted. "Surely something can be done."

"Nothing that would avail you much at this point," he answered. "I suggest you go home and try to forget it, unless they cause you further trouble. In that event, of course, come back in to see me."

Forget it? I conceived and discarded a million schemes for revenge as I drove home. "There must be a way," I kept telling myself. "There must be a way to punish people for that kind of vicious cruelty." Perjurers! Could I ever forget such treatment, not only of myself but of Betty? And the judge—I loathed him most of all, because I had always had such childlike faith in the fairness of our legal system.

"I'll never rest as long as those people walk around unpunished for their viciousness," I told myself.

Many hate-filled, wakeful nights followed, as I waited for sleep that would not come. I realized that any action I could take would only bring more trouble.

There is no disease like hate. I began to lose weight as I lost appetite and sleep. And as my tension mounted, I lost the companionship of my family as well. The hate-filled heart has little room for other emotions.

"Please," my husband entreated, "if you don't forget this thing, you are going to be sick—really sick. You're going to have a breakdown." I knew he was right. Soon I felt I had to see a doctor.

"I can't really help you, Mrs. Martin," he told me straightforwardly.



"The rest of the testimony became a nightmare as it became more and more obvious that the case had been decided in advance."

"You will have to help yourself, by forgetting these people, this incident. Force yourself to concentrate on something else, something that is constructive.

"Life isn't always fair, you know; you've been fortunate if you've only recently had reason to discover this."

He gave me a few sleeping pills, but they were gone all too soon, and I was back in the same old

pattern of lying awake nights, reliving the nightmare, hating, begging God's forgiveness for the hate. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," was a line which haunted me even as I prayed for forgiveness.

At last I could take it no longer. I appealed to my pastor. "My religion is no good to me," I said bluntly. "It is no comfort to me at all anymore."

He listened attentively as I related the whole story.

"I have given up thoughts of punishing these people," I confessed. "I have only one hope left: that somehow this hate can be wiped from my heart, so that I can live again. But don't tell me to forget it, to forget these people. I've tried. I can't forget them."

"Forget them?" he answered quiet-

ly. "Oh, on the contrary, Mrs. Martin. You should *not* try to forget them. You will never stop hating them by trying to forget them."

"Then what shall I do?" I cried. "What shall I do?"

"You will have to replace the hate with love," he advised. Seeing my face fall, he added quickly, "The Lord went further, you know, than just telling us to love our enemies. He gave us the means by which we could accomplish this. Mrs. Martin, tonight when you pray, don't pray just for your family or friends or yourself. Pray for these people you despise."

"How can I do that?" I asked in disgust. "I wouldn't mean it; I couldn't mean it!"

"Just try it," he suggested. "Just try it—mechanically at first, if need

be. Just something simple, like 'Lord, help these people.'"

I left his office feeling that another door had been slammed in my face. But that night his words came back to me: "Mechanically at first, if need be. Just something simple, like 'Lord, help these people.'"

Stumblingly, the words formed a prayer in my mind. I must have said it a dozen times, until I remembered a line Christ had uttered once in anguish: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Could it be true? I did not really know these people. Could it be that the circumstances of their lives had been so warped that they could not realize what they had done? Surely they must have had miserable lives to become so twisted. I prayed:

"Lord, help these people. They don't realize, Father. Forgive them, and help them to a more satisfying kind of existence."

I was beginning to understand. I had been feeling sorry for myself because I had been wrongly attacked. I should have been pitying my attacker, who probably was a thousand times more miserable.

My hatred began to fade and I found the peace of mind I had not known in many days and nights. □



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

Donations for Goodwill Industries were being stored temporarily in the church's main entrance. When the space was filled, the secretary hung up a sign, which must have been puzzling to visitors the next Sunday:

Sorry, No More Goodwill Here.
—G. M. THIMSEN, *Sioux Falls, S.Dak.*

My church-school children had been drawing pictures, but it was time to put things away. I asked them to please stop.

"I can't stop now," one fellow cried. "I have to finish this to find out what it's going to be!"

—MRS. REX CAMPBELL, *Cainsville, Mo.*

Notice in a Lawton, Okla., church bulletin:

"The Women's Society of Christian Service would like to announce

that Circle IV is saving Betty Crocker coupons, old nylon hose, and guilt scraps."

—MRS. JIM RANSON, *Griffin, Ga.*

A birth announcement I received simply said, "Isaiah 9:6," so I checked my Bible for the message: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

Downtown the same day I met a mutual friend who had also received the announcement.

"I'm so happy Ann has a nine-pound, six-ounce boy," she said. "But I'd never call the poor little thing a name like Isaiah."

—MRS. REX CAMPBELL, *Cainsville, Mo.*

The new minister was about to dismiss the first group of people at the Communion rail, then remembered an announcement he had forgotten to make. "May the Lord go with you—down the side aisles," he intoned.

—ROBERT HALE, *Baltimore, Md.*

Mrs. Nestor, a widow with a young son, Alex, married again—to Bernard Siciliano. Bernie loved little Alex and planned to adopt him.

"Wouldn't you like to have Bernie for your very own father, and change your name to his?" his mother asked her son one day. To

her shocked surprise, Alex burst into tears.

When his mother finally got Alex calmed down enough to ask what was wrong, Alex wailed, "I just don't know how to spell 'Siciliano.'"

—HUGH J. McNELLY, *Bloomington, N.J.*

When the collection plate reached us, my six-year-old proudly put in two of her own pennies. Noticing that there were no other coins in the plate—only checks, bills and envelopes—she exclaimed in a not-too-hushed whisper, "Well, Mom, every little bit helps!"

—MRS. DAVID TOPP, *Hubbard, Iowa*

The pastor of the local church always wore his clerical collar. At one informal gathering he attended the hostess noted the collar and told him, "There was no need for you to dress up for this, Reverend. We wish you had felt free to dress casually."

"But I did," replied the pastor. "These are just my working clothes."

—MRS. W. V. SIRMAN, *Shreveport, La.*

Send us your funniest church-related chuckle and, if used, TOGETHER will send you \$5. Sorry, we can't return those not accepted, so please do not send postage.

—YOUR EDITORS



One of the moon-landing areas (far left center) for U.S. Astronauts.—NASA photograph.

In the beginning...

By JOSEPH E. TAYLOR

Pastor, Trinity United Methodist Church,
Little Rock, Arkansas

AN ANGRY young black minister stands before a group of his fellow clergymen. He doesn't belong to the association because he has lost faith either in its desire to do anything or its ability to make real changes—or both.

He is here today to speak to the group about the way he sees it, and he makes some heavy charges against the Christian church. The other ministers listen as best they can, each through the filters of his own mind. Some words register, some are rejected, some inflame and arouse, others reverberate but fail to register. Certain truths emerge.

Whatever else you say about it, this is an exciting and significant time to be alive.

Another day . . . Drowsily America stirs and switches

click. In four time zones persons come awake to watch a thrilling event! A steady, unexcited voice speaks in measured reassuring tones. On the surface everything is smooth and unruffled. The countdown is right on schedule, and all systems are "go"!

Eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . ignition . . . The rocket quivers, and a furious, unrestrainable flame belches forth. Lines drop off, the earth shudders, and the behemoth catapults moonward into the sky.

Hours pass and all reports are good. With a precision timed to feet-per-microsecond, the capsule streaks through the blackness of space at 24,200 miles per hour. At exactly the right instant smaller rockets ignite, and the three men go into orbit around the moon.

An exciting time to be alive? What an understatement!

A contemporary poet sings about "playing a game in my mind . . ." It is a familiar game we all know well. He dreams about other times and other places, adventure and tropic indolence, excitement and ecstasy. But in the end he admits his dreaming is a game, and he finds the straight life of the here and now a better place to live.

Each of us knows something about daydreams which take us to strange places on the carpet of fancy. But for sheer excitement, we come back to the straight life. No time was ever so exciting, so challenging, so satisfying, so frustrating, so possible as now. Living as close as we do with the problems of the 20th century, feeling the hurts and the cries, smelling the stench of the ghettos, we are likely to lose perspective.

What an opportunity to put things back into perspective the crew of Apollo 8 had! Many of us talk of getting away from our problems to see them in a clearer light. But think of their opportunity to see things whole!

As they circled the moon on the night we in the Western Hemisphere called Christmas Eve, dates and times lost their significance in space. As tens of millions listened, they read again the story of creation: "In the beginning God . . ." And when they concluded, they sent greetings to people on earth—"the good earth," they called it—and the phrase hung on the fabric of our minds.

Only two days before, when the headlines read "Perfect Launch Sends Apollo Toward Moon," an article in the next column carried a contrasting headline—"Co-ed Buried Near Home of Officer." The good earth!

On the same page, I read, "Survey Shows Opinion of United States at 50-Year Low." The good earth?

Thinking soberly about this matter, would you consider the phrase "the good earth" inappropriate? Is the earth more characterized by evil than good? Are we bad and getting worse? Every day the headlines assault us with the tragic and the senseless. We are reminded of the violence that is among us and in us.

But we must remember, also, that these items are headlines because they represent the exception, not the rule. If robbery and murder, rape and bombings were our common way of life, then our headlines would be detailing deeds of kindness and love and gentleness.

There *is* evil in the world, but this is not the whole picture. There is illness in our society, but the illness does not describe it all. There is animosity and ill will anywhere you look for it, but one who looks for goodness and tenderness is able to find that, too.

As a people, we have monumental problems to solve if humanity is to have any long-range history on this planet. But let no one think that we lack the resources to find these solutions.

The problems seem to be larger and graver now than ever before. But some problems today are the result of quickened conscience. The race problem is not worse today than 100 or 50 years ago. It is rather that we are awakened to what the problems are. Old poisons are pouring out now that come from long-festering wounds. But draining these poisons, unpleasant as it is, could be a prelude to cure. Cure is more likely to happen than if the wound were kept bound to deny infection exists.

Never have we been engaged in so unpopular a war as the one in Viet Nam. Never have so many Americans been so unsure about the rightness of the cause in an armed conflict.

Maybe Viet Nam is different from anything we've been involved in before. Or perhaps we as a people are developing a new attitude toward war in general. And maybe this is a better attitude than any we have exhibited before.

The Pueblo incident has haunted us as every angle of decision has been probed and reprobated. But, from a larger perspective, the Pueblo incident may be proof of a new and better attitude evolving among us. When before in our history could such an event have occurred with the result being anything but war?

Apollo 8 proved many things. We can't even guess what the long-range effects of this space program might be. But whatever else it proved, it gave a clear indication that we of this nation can achieve whatever we really set our minds to.

This ought to cause us to do some serious thinking. If we can send men to the moon today, to Venus or Mars 10 years from now, and if we can work out the literally millions of individual systems and circuits to achieve this, why can't we do something equally effective and dramatic about learning to live together productively and creatively?

Just as outer space is beginning to yield to our efforts, equally serious programs of development of *inner* space ought to be possible.

When we do launch such a program, as a nation or as individuals concerned about our own "inner space," we begin to realize what Borman, Lovell, and Anders did as they orbited the moon.

"In the beginning, God . . ." That's it. In the beginning of creation . . . God! In the beginning of humanization . . . God! In the beginning of the awakening of the powers of the Spirit within us . . . God!

If the exploration of outer space has required new procedures and techniques, this is not true for our progress in the realm of inner space. Here the way is charted. If we witnessed in Apollo 8 something really new and previously untried, it is not so in the matter of human life. We have a prototype in Jesus Christ.

Is it not now high time to challenge every man, woman, and child in whose heart the love of God the Father has begun to glow to find ways of expressing his love?

Is it not now time to launch a massive attack of unprecedented proportions on ignorance and poverty and disease and prejudice? Is this not the hour to break out of old forms and seek again the ever-new creating love of God?

Is it not now time for a new beginning with God? □

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



What is the church?

✦ It has been described in countless ways—for instance, as the body of Christ, a colony of heaven, the company of the committed. A very helpful contemporary definition is given by Thomas C. Oden. He calls the church "the community of celebration."

The church, Mr. Oden explains, "moves through the world in a rhythm of gathering and scattering, coming together to celebrate the Word in preaching and sacrament, then moving back out into the world to celebrate life under that Word amid the vocational orders."

Which comes first, ethical behavior or Christian faith?

✦ It is hard to tell. According to human standards, some people who do not profess a strong Christian faith are eminently moral and ethical. Even criminals have a kind of code of ethics. Yet some professing Christians seem not to be very ethical. To put the question another way:

What are the fruits of a life committed to Christ? They are love, joy, peace, endurance, and power. These go far beyond the ethical.

Commitment to Christ comes first, and this brings all the fruits of his spirit—including ethical conduct.

Why does The United Methodist Church permit three forms of Baptism?

✦ Even though immersion is the form of Baptism most clearly described in the New Testament (Mark 1:4-5), this should not lead to the conclusion that no other form is valid. It is important to see the deeper meaning of this Sacrament. Baptism symbolizes one's entrance into the Christian community. "Those receiving

the Sacrament," states the *Book of Worship*, "are thereby marked as Christian disciples, and initiated into the fellowship of Christ's holy Church." Because the act itself is more important than any form, The United Methodist Church permits immersion, sprinkling, or pouring.

Why do some say the church is irrelevant?

✦ Quite possibly because many institutional churches are irrelevant. Relevance is not an end in itself. The deeper question is, What is the purpose of relevance? If the church tries to become relevant by being popular and soothing, it will not be the spirit-filled community which Acts describes. The community of celebration came first, in the early church, and it had

no problem of irrelevance. Our present-day church is basically a community of persons who come together to serve God and man. Any community must have institutions through which to channel its work. Persons make up both communities and institutions and, therefore, must accept some responsibility for the irrelevance they may publicly deplore.

Letters

EVANGELISM LEADER HAS GRASP OF SITUATION

I was deeply and favorably impressed by your June interview with Dr. Joseph H. Yeakel of the Board of Evangelism. [See *Evangelism for Today . . . and Tomorrow*, June, page 8.]

Dr. Yeakel shows an excellent grasp of today's situation and meets it with the intellectual-emotional vigor that is needed. I especially appreciate his understanding of the professional ministry and the role of the laity. His balanced view of personal commitment and social action is also excellent.

We can rejoice in the fact that this man is heading such a strategic agency of The United Methodist Church.

EDWIN A. POTTER, Pastor
First United Methodist Church
Central Square, N.Y.

CHRIST IS THE MESSAGE; ARE UNITED METHODISTS LISTENING?

The June interview with Dr. Joseph H. Yeakel gets to the main issues for the church. I was glad that essentials such as conversion and sharing of faith and commitment were not overlooked. And Dr. Yeakel's remark about the church's needing to make it continually more difficult for individuals to stay members of the church was excellent. As Christians we are indeed to "grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

When the world today is questioning whether the church has a valid message for modern man, it is certainly time for the church to rediscover its vital message and with overwhelming conviction to declare that message to the world. The conviction that Jesus Christ is the church's message comes through clearly in the interview, and United

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Methodists everywhere must get into step to declare Christ in all his saving power or else fail to fulfill their calling.

The summing-up sentence is worth repeating: "Every decision the church makes had better be in terms of evangelism—or else the church has no business in today's world and God will find another instrumentality if necessary. God is moving in history. We'd better join him."

United Methodists, are you listening?

DONALD E. KOHLSTAEDT
Spokane, Wash.

KEEP GIVING AUTHORS FREEDOM

Thank you and everybody concerned for *Together* magazine. Among other articles in the June issue, I especially enjoyed *Left for Dead* by Lawrence E. Hodge [June, page 43]. So much is said in two pages that it should be read more than once.

I hope you will continue to give freedom to authors who write for *Together*.

MRS. MELVIN BERRY
West Chester, Ohio

AUTHOR'S WORDS CLEARER THAN A PROFESSIONAL'S

May I compliment you on the excellent article in your June issue entitled *So Little One Can Say* by Merial Olsson Scott [page 41]. As a hospital chaplain, I have had many many occasions in which people have expressed their feelings of inadequacy at such a time. This article from a lay person who has had a personal experience in this area speaks clearer than a professional.

JAMES N. SWAFFORD, Chaplain
Methodist Hospital of Dallas
Dallas, Texas

A LETTER CAN RESCUE A DAY FROM DESPAIR

Having suffered through only a few fairly minor illnesses, I nonetheless can say a fervent "Amen!" to *So Little One Can Say* by Merial Olsson Scott. How many of my days have been rescued from the depths of loneliness and self-pity by a letter in the mailbox!

I would like to add one little thought. There are sometimes little troubles that only the sufferer knows of and that occur when outwardly all seems well. A letter at just that moment may mean the difference between getting over them or

magnifying them into big troubles.

There is a story about a famous man who, quite spontaneously, sent messages of congratulation to three of his friends. To his astonishment, he received three grateful notes. Each of his randomly chosen friends recently had enjoyed some small triumph and was so happy to think it had been recognized.

It is the same with troubles. So if someone, anyone, has been in your thoughts or prayers lately and you have a moment to write even a single paragraph on a postcard, do it! You may never know how much it was appreciated, but I doubt very much that it will not be.

MRS. C. E. PATTERSON, Jr.
Knoxville, Tenn.

TWO QUESTIONS STILL LACK SATISFACTORY ANSWERS

I have read with some interest the continuing literary vibrations concerning the Rev. Robert G. Olmstead's turning in his draft card [See *A Minister Challenges the Draft*, April, page 26, followed by comments in *Letters*, June, page 47, and July, page 48.]

Being a nondeity myself, I am unable to pass judgment on Mr. Olmstead. I do, however, have two questions to which I have been unable to find satisfactory answers.

In the Gospel of Mark we read: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." Suppose that God's law and the law of our government (today's Caesar) are contradictory. Which do we then obey?

"You shall not kill," says the commandment. There appears to be no provision for exceptions any more than there are exceptions to the commandment which follows. Why then should there be any doubt as to the rightness or wrongness of any war?

SAMUEL H. OTTINGER
Allentown, Pa.

STOP GLORIFYING DISSENTERS AND CREDIT THOSE WHO SERVE

Since nearly every issue of *Together* has some article favoring the draft dodgers, I feel compelled to speak out. We have a 14-year-old son and we certainly don't want him to go to Viet Nam, but we don't want him to be a coward either, enjoying the fruits of other people's labor while making no contribution of his own to society.

I am getting a little fed up with

our church and its liberal views on almost everything. What is wrong with self-discipline, high morals, and good old-fashioned patriotism anyhow?

Whose blood, sweat, tears, and hard labor paid for the many privileges which the Rev. Bab Olmstead and his friends now enjoy? If all young Americans who feel they should not kill—and thank God most of them feel this way—would take Mr. Olmstead's way out, our country would have fallen to defeat long ago, and he could be doing his own thing with the Communists now.

I am the executive secretary for the local board of the Selective Service System. I am not completely convinced that the set-up is exactly as it should be, and I, too, have questions about our involvement in Viet Nam. No one could be happier than I if my job were no longer needed. It tears my heart out to see these young men going off to service with no idea of what may be ahead of them, and I pray for them. Most of them don't want to go, but only a few have any real desire to break this or any other law. Those who would defy the draft law are those who do not fit well into society at any level. Let us stop giving so much glory to the dissenters and start giving a little glory to the great numbers who do what has to be done without complaint.

MRS. NOEL SARENSEN
Netawaka, Kans.

JUNE LETTER CHANGED HIS MODERATE CONCERN TO ALARM

I was only moderately concerned about the capacities of local draft boards to understand conscientious objectors until I read the letter you received from Ray Kriefall, American Legion chaplain and draft board member. [See *Anyone Unwilling to Defend Freedom Does Not Deserve It*, June, page 48.] Now I am alarmed.

It seems to me that Chaplain Kriefall knows objectors well, but he has no understanding of a man's objection to military service "in conscience."

Seemingly, his solution to matters of conscience is to check one's conscience at the door of the draft board and let the state take over from there. I was shocked at the spectacle of his requiring men who claim conscientious objection to quote a Bible verse in order to justify their claim. Such foolishness makes the Bible a straitjacket instead of a guide and surely is one of the reasons that many local draft boards are

suspect as to their sensitivity and understanding of conscientious objectors.

Chaplain Kriefall is concerned that freedom be defended. I think that, given his authoritarian perspective, there is precious little freedom around to defend. Such a letter makes me wonder if members of the American Legion should serve on draft boards.

JOSEPH H. BEASLEY, Lt. Col.
Staff and Faculty
U.S. Army Chaplain School
Fort Hamilton, N.Y.

ARTICLE ON 'HOUSEWIFERY' HELPS HER SURVIVE, TOO

The article *I'm Surviving Housewifery—I Think* by Beverly Hennen Van Haak [June, page 36] is great! After reading it (and rereading it several times), I am getting a more solid and mature set of values for myself and my role as wife and mother of a son, age eight, and a daughter, age four. The article has given me an improved sense of worth, and I think it will be easier for me to do a good job for my family.

Thank you for this worthwhile, thought-provoking article.

MRS. CARL FREEMAN
Wadburn, Oreg.

REPORTS OF CAMPUS DISORDERS DISTORTED BY NEWS MEDIA

As a Duke University student, I vehemently object to the distorted view which "responsible" newspapers and magazines have given to the public concerning campus disorders. In your June article, *Coaling Off on Campuses* [page 19], the disruption at Duke was summarized as a battle between militants who refused to vacate a building and police who finally had to call on National Guard troops to restore order.

These statements fail to mention that black students peacefully left the administration building prior to the arrival of police. The only "battle" took place in the quadrangle where thousands of curious onlookers were "gassed" by helmeted police who had arrived at the vacated

building and were faced with jeers from some students.

Summaries such as the one in *Together* fail to elucidate essential factors leading up to and following a disorder. The news media never explain the legitimate demands and frustrations of students. Instead, they blatantly condemn all protesters as militants and rarely consider the effect of helmeted and armed troops on a crowd of already agitated people.

While I will not condone all of the actions taken by students at Duke, I think it is tragic that the public receives such indiscriminate and distorted information about a problem that demands accurate knowledge and understanding if we are ever to deal effectively with it.

PATRICIA E. YOUNGS
Pennington, N.J.

BOX PROJECT LEADER REPORTS HEAVY RESPONSE

Since your publication of *Love Is a Package From a Friend* [May, page 15], I have received hundreds of letters from United Methodists of goodwill who wish to aid their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

A central office for administration of The Box Project has been established (with a volunteer) staff in space provided by the Plainville (Conn.) United Methodist Church. Those who would like to receive information on how to help a needy family are invited to write directly to The Box Project, 56 Red Stone Hill, Plainville, Conn. 06062. Because we still have no funds with which to administer this rapidly growing project, respondents are asked to continue to enclose stamped envelopes with their requests for the names of needy families to help.

On behalf of the thousands of needy people who will soon learn that someone cares and on behalf of the volunteers who do care, I want to express appreciation to *Together* for its attention to The Box Project.

MRS. LOWELL JOHNSON, President
The Box Project
Seymour, Conn.

LIBERALISM GIVES NO RIGHT TO COERCE OTHERS

Discouraging? Or merely amusing? It is hard to define the feeling one gets from reading this statement from one of your May letters: "One gets the impression . . . that most United Methodists . . . think of their religion in purely white,

Anglo-Saxon, Protestant terms [and] are biblically, theologically, and socially ignorant . . ." [See *Letters Indicate Trouble*, May, page 71.]

Reared from youth as a theological and biblical liberal (and still such), and having taught church classes many times in favor of Negro rights, I myself in my own smug youth felt much as the pastor who wrote this.

But I do not equate liberalism with a right to coerce others into accepting my beliefs. This is the antithesis of true liberalism. And to use other people's money and efforts in lobbying legislators into following one finely detailed program—well, no one in pulpit or pew has a right to tell me or my governmental representatives what we must approve or oppose. That's where we antiactivists gnash our teeth—especially when pulpiteers join the rioters, encourage the draft dodgers, and pose as experts, not only on theology but on economics, sociology, and everything else.

As we true liberals get older, we discover that our orthodox brethren are not "ignorant" but just might know something, too. We don't want Job's accusation justifiably thrown at us: "No doubt you are the people, and wisdom will die with you."

SON FESLER
Maplewood, Mo.

RESTORE AMERICA TO INDIANS?

I write in reference to Mrs. William C. Pabst's letter headlined 'Palestine Is Jewish; Christians Must Accept That' [June, page 46]. She has a point. But our land belonged to the Indians (in a different way, granted), and would we be congenial to moving out and restoring the land to the Indians? How reasonable do we need to be?

MARTIN MICKEY, Pastor
Calvary-Zion
United Methodist Churches
Elyria, Ohio

WE MUST IDENTIFY WITH BOTH ARABS AND ISRAELIS

The cause of peace in the Middle East is strengthened by your publication of A. C. Forrest's articles. While he necessarily devotes most time to those whom Americans know least—the Palestinian refugees—his prompting of us to work with Jewish friends for Israeli co-operation

through the United Nations is vital. Only by identifying understandingly in friendship with the needs and hazards of both sides of the Arab-Israeli impasse—no matter how we may be misjudged by the other side in a given case—can we begin to have the insights and influence necessary for ultimate reconciliation.

L. HUMPHREY WALZ
Near East Chairman
Presbytery of New York City
New York, N.Y.

SENIOR CITIZENS OFFER 'INCALCULABLE RESOURCE'

I was gratified to see in *Reconciliation Begins Locally* [April, page 5] that your writer didn't "necessarily limit" the ages of volunteer service workers to the 18-to-30 age bracket. I would encourage the directors of United Methodist Voluntary Service to provide wide channels for the incalculable resource of senior citizens.

By and large they are not ready to retire at 65. They have experience and emotional maturity which come with years, and quite often they have an astonishing amount of energy. You pictured a "big sisterly" type of volunteer in a day-care center. How about a natural-born grandfather? I saw it happen in Newton, Kans.,—and it was a rewarding experience for the grandfather and pure joy for the children.

MRS. TED STACKLEY
Lecompton, Kans.

KANADA FAMILY: A LESSON IN CHRISTIAN MATURITY

I read with joy the interesting article on the Robert Kanada family [Steak on Monday, Sukiyaki on Tuesday, May, page 48]. How wonderful it is to know of the deep Christian faith of this family, particularly in view of the trials and tribulations which the nisei suffered during World War II.

With war fever at its zenith during the years 1942-45, thousands of American citizens were required to live behind barbed wire in "relocation" centers. The pride which Americans take in their basic precept of justice toward all was set aside.

In the face of this treatment the Christian maturity which permits people like the Kanadas to forgive and to become such active church members is something from which

everyone can take a good lesson. We can praise God for the Kanadas and the other thousands like them.

ROY A. HARRELL, JR.
U.S. Embassy
Fort Lamy, Tchad

Together's NEW FORMAT: READERS RESPOND PRO AND CON

The June issue of *Together* just reached me. I like the new format—it's a beautiful job.

BISHOP EDWIN E. VOIGT
Seattle, Wash.

Your June issue is so attractive and so filled with inspiration and information that I read it from cover to cover at one sitting. What a beautiful and meaningful cover picture!

ELLA B. BRADFORD
Salem, Oreg.

The new format of *Together* is most pleasing—even if I never have liked the name *Together*. My only criticism is for the vacant spaces where another book could have been reviewed or another sermon preached.

MRS. REDMOND S. COLE
Tulsa, Okla.

I am afraid the new blue pages are going to be very hard on the eyes of elderly readers.

MARGUERITE R. WEEKS
Bentonville, Ark.

I have just read the June issue and think the new type, forms, and other changed appearances constitute a splendid improvement. It is easier to read an already good magazine.

DWIGHT M. BECK
Syracuse, N.Y.

The June issue is terrific—beautiful, uplifting, and practical. Thank you! I'm a happy Catholic who enjoys *Together*. Who wouldn't?

MRS. ETHEL MOLONEY
Marion, Ohio

I read the June issue straight through. Real good! Helpful, interesting, enlightening. You have brightened it up still more.

THOMAS B. CLAY
Orchard Park, N.Y.

The Remarkable Legacy of Mattie Miles

By RUTH MILES



WHEN SHE stepped off the train in Kansas City that day in 1940, her son rushed to embrace her. Then, turning to me, Fiske said:

"Mother, this is Ruth."

Mattie Miles's big blue eyes twinkled as she put her arms around me and looked up into my face.

Such a tiny woman, I thought, like a little figure of Dresden china. But—as I would learn in years to come—hers was a personality of formidable strength and determination.

I had heard many stories about Mother Miles from her son, my husband. But I was hardly prepared for this woman, so delightfully alive, who after a long day's journey by train did not want a moment's rest. She wanted to talk. She wanted to have fun.

She was 65 years old when she received her bachelor of science degree from the University of Illinois. Recently widowed, she had gone to Canada for perhaps the first uninterrupted vacation of her life.

"All the way across Canada," she

would say, spreading her arms wide, "from east to west. It was a wonderful adventure."

But Mattie Miles's greatest adventure did not begin when she reentered a university, nor with her travels among the scenic marvels of our northern neighbor. It began at a little church in Hopedale, Ill., on May 21, 1894.

The mid-May sun was shining and the birds were singing when Mrs. David Thomas Miles, wife of a Methodist minister, welcomed 40 youngsters who were enrolling in the first known "vacation Bible school."

Seventy-five years later, and 20 years after her death, Mattie Miles remains the spiritual mother of a movement that has spread throughout the Christian world, and has influenced the lives of countless millions of young people.

"I wanted to apply secular school-room techniques to Bible teaching," she said. "Even when I was a child, I liked to tell other children about the Bible."

Her basic idea, she told her

preacher-husband, was to give all children of whatever faith—or none at all—an opportunity to become familiar with the Bible as *the Book*, to learn to use and value it.

"Every pupil, whether he could read or not, was to have a Bible of his own," Mother Miles said. "The Bible society furnished a few to those who had none. The first simple lesson would be how to open the Bible and locate two parts—the Old and New Testaments."

Her teaching would also include hymns, songs, memory work, and stories.

"I sought information from religious leaders, preachers, bishops, and a number of others. No one had known anything of the kind. The general sentiment was that they would like to see the idea tried. So my husband and I planned my first school."

During the winter of 1893-94, Mattie Miles spent busy months writing curriculum materials suitable for children of all ages.

Acting on her husband's sugges-

tion, she invited the co-operation of ministers of other churches in the small Illinois community. She was assured by them that youngsters from these other denominations would attend along with the Methodist boys and girls.

So it was that the "daily vacation Bible school"—so named by the editor of the Hopedale newspaper who gave the project generous publicity—became an ecumenical movement.

Suddenly, in Hopedale that late spring and summer of 1894, the streets were emptied of idle children. Classes were held under Mattie Miles's direction in the local school, and recreational activities—an important part of her program—took place in the adjoining city park. Here, games and biblical pageants were held. The children became Israelites crossing the Red Sea; Isaac was again almost sacrificed by a devout Abraham; and King David gave haven to Mephibosheth, the little lame prince.

Because she had been an active, inquisitive child, Mattie did not forget that summer is vacation time for most children. Although as a child she was something of a tomboy, she learned to read before starting school, and was teaching a primary class in Sunday school at the age of 11. Born Martha Jane Pritchard, daughter of an Illinois schoolteacher, it was natural that she would decide on a teaching career—one that would be interrupted by her marriage to the Rev. David Miles when she was 19.

News of Hopedale's daily vacation Bible school traveled fast. Others came from far and near to observe, or wrote for her plans. She sent copies of her curriculum and organizational suggestions to many parts of the nation.

One who came in person was Dr. Robert G. Boville, executive secretary of the New York Baptist Mission. With the assistance of Harry Emerson Fosdick, then a young Union Theological Seminary student, Dr. Boville established the first vacation school in New York in 1907.

By the 1920s, the program had become so widespread that Mattie Miles's role as founder was largely overlooked, or forgotten. When her eldest son, Fiske, was doing advanced study in religious education at Northwestern University, one of his professors told his students that he believed

the vacation Bible-school movement had an earlier beginning than was recorded in the material they were studying.

Fiske told his mother about the professor's remark while on a visit home from the Evanston, Ill., campus. She smiled and left the room, returning shortly with a packet of papers and photographs—materials she had compiled for her first school in Hopedale. Included was a photograph of my husband, at age three, being held in his father's arms. This was the first time Fiske had known of the materials, and he took them back to Evanston with him.

"Why, this is it!" exclaimed his professor, Dr. John E. Stout.

Seventy-five years later, Mother Miles's basic ideas remain surprisingly unchanged. True, more extensive and beautifully illustrated curriculum material now is available, and United Methodists generally call their summer schools "vacation church schools" now.

Mother Miles lived nine years after my first meeting with her in Kansas City that unforgettable day in 1940. I came to know her intimately—this gay, observant, curious, vibrantly alive little woman, the mother of three children, and founder of a movement that again this year will

bring good into the lives of more millions of youngsters in some 200,000 vacation church schools throughout the world.

After her death just before Christmas in 1949, my husband and I traveled extensively from coast to coast. Many times we saw children at play in church yards, or at work in classrooms; and always we could not help sensing the towering presence there of a little woman who physically stood only five feet tall.

Before my husband died last February, we recalled the summer of 1949, when 80-year-old Mother Miles revisited all the churches in central Illinois where she had organized vacation Bible schools. We recall how thrilled she was to be back in some of the rooms where she had worked more than a half century before.

The honor bestowed upon her when she attended the rededication services of the Hopedale Methodist Church in the 55th anniversary year of the first vacation Bible school was the climax of her long and active life of service to others.

And, more important, it was recognition at last of the remarkable legacy she would leave the world's children—children who were always her first concern. □

A WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME

Look at him!
He spends time as if
he were a millionaire!
Its golden sands he heaps
upon his children as if
they were his heirs.
Awake! Do you not know
the problems of the world await?
Whence thy puritan pride?
Work does not wait for time nor tide!
I gaze upon him to despise
but turn in envy, yea greed, and surprise.
For he spends time as if
he were a millionaire.

—H. Thompson



A Church That Opens Doors



Calvary United Methodist, Minneapolis, built in and for another era, finds it has important work to do in its inner-city parish. Faint lines in the foreground are wire mesh, installed on public-school windows as protection against rock-throwing vandals. It's that kind of neighborhood.

By DOROTHY L. WILLIAMS

CALVARY United Methodist Church of Minneapolis, like every church, stands in a world of walls—walls separating city and suburb, neighbor and neighbor, youth and maturity, child and parent. These walls are especially thick and high and real to an inner-city church, the Calvary congregation has learned. But they are not impregnable.

For three years now Calvary, with a total membership of only 210, has waged war on the everywhere wall of "you mind your business and I'll mind mine." As a result, doors have been opened between suburban mothers and inner-city mothers, suburban teen-agers and inner-city children, suburban white children and inner-city children of various races, and low-income housing-project neighbors who never had spoken to each other.

Calvary Methodist's past is similar to that of many old, middle-class churches located in rapidly changing neighborhoods. It had no previous reputation for being particularly community-minded, perhaps partly because of the high Jewish population that surrounded it for many years. After World War II, more and more of its members moved to the suburbs, from which they commuted for a while, then transferred to a suburban church.

In the past 12 years, with demolition of a slum area adjacent to the Calvary area, displaced Negro families began moving into homes around the church. Federal housing was built in the cleared slum area and occupied by low-income families—white, Negro, and Indian.

The explosions of violence expectable in such a situation have begun to occur. In August, 1966, and July, 1967,

outbreaks of window smashing and looting ravaged stores along Plymouth Avenue, within the area which Calvary serves. Not riots of the magnitude of Watts, they were serious enough to capture public attention and to underscore some of the neighborhood's problems.

But Calvary's involvement in the community is not a reaction to those disturbances. By the time they took place, the church had been at work opening doors for many months. Calvary's work in the community is directed by four unwritten but practical guidelines:

- *We will begin by rolling up our sleeves and taking action in the community, lest in soberly making exhaustive preliminary surveys we become too exhausted to get anything done.* The congregation, however, does make intelligent use of existing surveys. "This North Side is one

cultural sites around the Minneapolis and St. Paul areas.

- *There is much to be gained in one-to-one relationships,* the congregation also believes. Two persons of diverse backgrounds meeting to do something specific together may fill needs never met by individual-to-group, or group-to-group contacts. Many inner-city people approach any new relationships warily, based on past unpleasant experiences. In a one-to-one relationship, the inner-city person's faith in the possibility of trustworthy friendships may be restored.

The Supportive Reading Program, though not set up for that purpose, is one such opportunity for two people to know each other well. Children with reading problems are more numerous in poverty areas, where reading is not usually a part of leisure-time activity at home. Teachers



Mrs. Mel Tveita of suburban Brooklyn United Methodist Church shares a reading assignment with John Higgins, one of the many young people for whom Calvary seeks to "open doors." Rolland Robinson, pastor of Calvary since 1965, approaches his chosen work with a balance of dedicated seriousness and sanity-preserving sense of humor.

of the most studied pieces of real estate in the state of Minnesota," says the Rev. Rolland Robinson, Calvary's pastor. "The trouble is that too few of the interested agencies are really getting through to the people."

- *We won't try to be self-sufficient* is guideline number two. The congregation feels no great compulsion to keep exclusive control over its community participation or to label anything "our private project." Sometimes Calvary works with Wells Memorial Settlement House, sometimes with Hay Elementary School. It eagerly accepts volunteers from suburban Methodist, Lutheran, and also Presbyterian churches, and from nonchurch people who hear about the program and want to join in.

One of the first projects, called Mother's Morning Out, has already run for four successful sessions. Volunteer suburban women come to the federal-housing project once a week to baby-sit, freeing mothers for their "morning out."

A social worker from the settlement house organizes the inner-city mothers' activities. One session centers on housekeeping and child care. During others, the mothers have taken group tours of manufacturing, business, and

at neighboring schools, on request, provided a long list of children who were having reading difficulties and for whom there was not enough out-of-class professional help available.

Calvary matched up as many of the children as it had mother-volunteers for and set up after-school dates for them. Twice a week, the mothers stood on the church steps waiting for their readers to come. When the pairs of children and women had picked out a book from the special library of materials available to them, they went to some corner of the church and spent an hour talking, reading, and playing word games. The program still continues—but with most volunteers working during class hours at a nearby school.

"We know you're not professional teachers," the volunteers are told, "but maybe the child assigned to you doesn't need more school. Maybe he most needs someone who will accept and like him." Most of the children have improved in ability to read, and there have been cases of apathetic children who, under the Supportive Reading Program, have improved markedly not only in reading but in attitude toward school and study.

• *We won't be bound to continue a project simply because we started it.* Calvary hangs loose on its community efforts. If a project is not working out, or if it cannot be staffed, or if some other community agency can take it over, Calvary cheerfully abandons it.

The first Mother's Morning Out was a 10-week session. Subsequent sessions have lasted for 6 or 8 weeks. Printed announcements for the Supportive Reading Project ask only that the volunteer give it a three-week try. After that she may stop. Most continue.

One project started and then abandoned was the Play Corps, in which senior-high young people led grade-school children in play groups each Saturday morning. After evaluating the corps' first season, the people at Calvary realized that there were similar recreational opportunities available. They also felt that the chaotic, attention-seeking behavior of many of the children in the groups was a plea for a new approach, for some form of relationship in which each child could find himself "belonging" to someone he admired.

Would You Believe It was organized in place of the Play Corps. At its beginning, 12 high-school volunteers gathered in the church basement and 12 selected grade-school youngsters were brought to meet them. "Pick yourself a pal," the youngsters were told. Shyly, gravely, one by one, the little girls chose their girl partners, and then the boys, theirs. These chosen pairs remained partners until completion of the three-month project.

Twice a month on Saturdays the high-school youths picked up their small pals to see a play, to visit the Minneapolis Art Institute, to attend a movie, or to tour some historical site. They traveled as a group, yet each child had the confidence-inspiring knowledge that there was one person in the group who was his special friend.

One highly successful project teamed Calvary with suburban Aldersgate Church in St. Louis Park. In the summer of 1966, a joint staff from the two churches, using curriculum and methods they had developed themselves, conducted a vacation church school for children from both churches. Staff, children, and parents were so enthusiastic about the quality of the school and the chance it afforded for suburban and inner-city children to know and respect one another that the school was repeated as a joint project in 1967. The theme of the latter session was *Freedom*, and texts for study were illustrated with stories chosen from Negro history.

Calvary's successes depend in part on the willingness of people outside the immediate area to become involved in helping inner-city people. It also depends heavily on the dedication of a few who live in the area by choice.

Marla Lee and her husband, Gerald, an internist at a University of Minnesota hospital, prayerfully chose a home for themselves and their three preschool children in the Calvary area.

"We had been renting near here," says Mrs. Lee. "When the time came for us to buy a house, the logical thing would have been to go to the suburbs. But we saw so much that cried out to be done—it just seemed that we belonged here. We didn't even look for a house anywhere else." Marla has been a principal organizer for Mother's Morning Out as well as the Supportive Reading Program.

Mabel Miller is one of the few older Calvary area residents who never moved away. In her 64 years in her

big, high-ceilinged house on Penn Avenue, she constantly has been given reason to broaden her definition of the word "neighbor."

"When we came here, this was a farmhouse with open space all around. Then we became part of a middle-class residential neighborhood, and now we're classified as a poverty area," she reflects.

Neighborhood children stop at Mrs. Miller's on their way home from school to talk, to sit in the living room and read magazines, or to hunt angleworms in the garden. During the early days of the Play Corps, some children discovered that it was not necessary to go to their play group without breakfast if they stopped at Mrs. Miller's on the way. The news spread. Soon she found herself preparing breakfast for 20 hungry children every Saturday. She treats her guests with a good-humored firmness that communicates her concern for them.

Pastor Rolland Robinson, like the Lees, works in the inner city by choice. "The ministry here requires a different approach from that required in suburban and rural churches," he says. And he recognizes that work in the inner-city does not always make much of a splash in the statistical reports at annual conference, yet it is an area in which "the church simply must learn to operate."

Calvary has opened numerous doors, enabling people to get together. But obstacles remain. There is the inner city's habitual mistrust of new ideas and new people. There is the problem of persuading people from the suburbs to help. Many times the problem of the suburbanites is not busyness but fear.

Judy Merino, a capable, self-possessed mother of three from suburban Minnetonka, was one of the first to babysit for the Mother's Morning Out. "I was scared to death to go to the housing project that first time," she says. "I don't know what I thought was going to happen, but I didn't sleep at all the night before." Now, as she tells the story, she is sitting beside the woman for whom she baby-sat. And they both laugh, as she adds, "I was only going to Estelle's house, for goodness sake."

"I was glad enough to get out of the house for a morning a week," adds Estelle, who later served the governing board of Mother's Morning Out and interested other mothers in attending. "Yet, I was worried, too—about what kind of person was coming, and what she might say about me or my house."

Such dispersing of fear is one of the most frequently mentioned benefits of participation in Calvary's programs. "It is good to know that people living in other places are human and have breakable hearts, and make mistakes, too," says a volunteer. "It keeps us from being so critical of each other, and so afraid."

Concludes volunteer Judy Merino, "My knowledge of what the world was like and what people were like was derived mostly from what I knew of my own neighborhood and neighbors. Now I know what some of Estelle's neighbors are like and what the view is from her window. It makes a difference."

Making a difference is what the people of Calvary think the church was put into the world to do. □

Teens

By DALE WHITE

ONE REASON kids write to this column is that it gives them a chance to sort out on paper precisely where their life is headed and how they feel about things. This process is sometimes called "objectifying" our feelings—getting them out there in front, turning them around, and looking at them from all sides.

Analyzing our lives in writing, or right out loud if we have a friend we trust that much, is good discipline. Prayer can help a lot, too. As one young person said, "I'm not sure I believe in God, but I seem to talk to him a lot just the same."

Here is a good example of self-analysis on paper:

"Open letter to teens:"

"I'm an honor student, well thought of by prestigious people and teachers, and an officer of my church youth group. Big blah!

"I also live in constant struggle in my spiritual life, and I've had sexual intercourse with a college graduate 'whom I do not wish to get involved with.' Tonight I turned all these outside pressures over to God. I've gone through the motions of doing this in the past, but I've never been sincere about it. My interest was always myself. I wanted people to like me so I could have a good social position, but I didn't care about them.

"I didn't want people to know what I was actually doing or what I thought of them. When I finally met a boy and liked him for what he was, I was so terribly confused about life that I did something that I had never intended to do. Only by the grace of God I won't have a baby. I lived such a false life I couldn't take care of a baby. Besides, my parents think I am so perfect that they would have charged the boy with rape without giving thought to how I had a part in it. The boy thinks I am a run-around. I'm not, but I gave him the impression of someone who didn't care how involved I got.

"Later I decided that our futures were too important to play around with. Now the boy doesn't know what to think of me, but he hasn't bothered to ask what I think. He hasn't asked me for a date. I still see

him occasionally, but our relationship is different from before.

"I realized I was too young to invest a part of myself in another's life, besides going against God's law. That, to me, is what having intercourse amounts to. A person may feel that he loves someone, and that intercourse should take place even if one isn't married. I thought that too, although the thinking wasn't clear that night. The sleepiness, alcohol, and emotions were flowing around instead.

"Before a couple goes that far, if they still do not care that they are trespassing against God, they should seriously consider their love for one another. We hadn't. Now I realize that it wasn't love but a physical attraction. I had been warned by my parents and a prominent youth church worker that I shouldn't get involved at 17 with a young man. I didn't think they knew anything about love.

"Now I say: Consider God and others before deciding your relationships with friends and people of the opposite sex. Be sure it is genuine and of God."

qa

I am a seventh-grader, 13 years old, and have a problem. My problem is that almost every boy in the seventh grade calls me a "fem." The reason is that every once in a while I will walk like a girl and do things a girl does. I just can't get

over this habit, but I don't think it is right for the boys to call me a "fem."

I try to ignore them, but I just can't. So I try to think of a name to call them. I don't think it is right to do so, though.

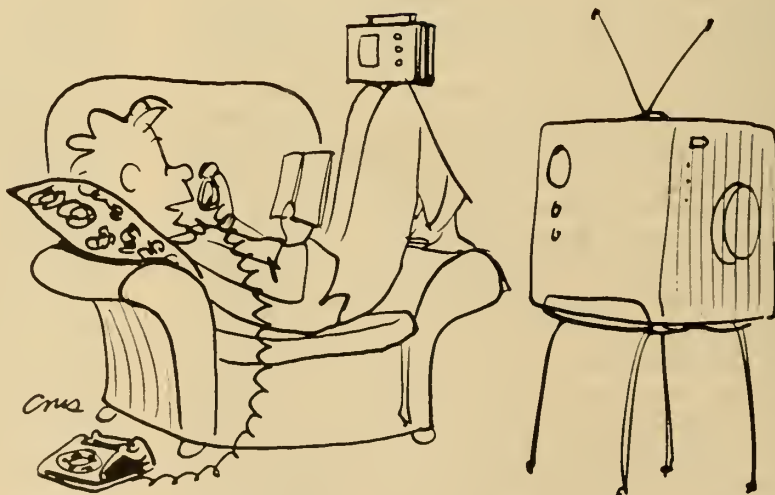
Could you give me some suggestions as to what to do?—A.L.

I could tell you to get some more understanding friends, or to try not to worry about it—but probably neither one is possible.

You should know that creating a masculine style of life is a problem for all boys your age. The reason the guys pick on you is that they are sort of shaky in their own manhood, and don't want you reminding them of it.

Some boys overreact by adopting a swaggering tough-guy stance. They may push people around, take up smoking or drinking, try to use girls or be mean to them, even commit minor crimes. None of this works, of course.

It is important to realize that men come in many different shapes and styles. Some are vigorous and athletic, others gentle and artistic. Most have a range of characteristics, some obviously masculine and others which are sometimes classified as feminine. Finding a good model for yourself helps. Which men or older boys do you respect? Observe those who seem to have characteristics you can grow into. Spend time with them if possible. See how they act, talk, carry themselves. Practice your own gestures,



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Sure, I can listen to the radio, watch TV, read a book, and talk on the telephone all at the same time, but I will admit that I'm glad breathing is automatic!"

walk, and so forth until you develop a masculine style.

Sometimes deeper emotional forces block this natural growth process. If you are still having trouble a few years from now, professional counseling could help.

Qa

I am 14 years old and hate myself. I am always so nice and sweet to everyone except my parents. I talk back to them, and never control my temper. I say, "Why don't you kill me? I hate this rotten world!"

Then I go in my bedroom after my mother hits me a few times, and pray to God to kill me because I don't want to make my parents suffer any more. I tell my younger sister never to be like me, always be kind to them, and God will bless her. Am I going crazy? Why am I like this?—B.B.

Stormy scenes of this type disturb the homes of many teen-agers. As your identity changes, everybody has to adjust to the new ways you look at things. You will often be on edge, ready to boil over because of the inner turmoil you feel. Being the parent of a teen-ager requires a whole new set of responses—and a strong nervous system. Your parents have not yet learned how to respond appropriately to your outbursts. You and your parents seem to be reinforcing one another's hostilities in a kind of runaway slug-fest which nobody wants, but nobody knows how to control.

Try to find ways to cool it from your side. Long talks with trusted friends can help you to work out your frustrations. Confining yourself to your room at times when you seem most vulnerable could help. If possible, talk with your mother and father about your concerns and worries, catching them at times when everybody is calm and relaxed. These quiet talks can repair the damage done in the stormy times. If things get worse, a professional counselor should be called in.

Qa

I'm a freshman in high school and I'm only 14. I'm pregnant. I fell in love with this boy. We went on many dates together. My parents were gone one night and he

came to my house. Weeks later I went to the doctor and found out I was pregnant. My mother and dad don't know I'm pregnant. How should I tell them? Do you think I would have to quit school and marry this boy?—K.W.

How should you tell your parents? I believe in two hard and fast rules: 1. Tell them now. 2. Tell them like it is. Delay almost always makes it worse, and dishonesty adds to your guilt and their confusion. I have not known a single set of parents in recent years who failed to be helpful and understanding, once they got over the initial shock. But they have to know the whole truth—what happened, how you feel and think, who the boy is, and how he feels and thinks.

If you are too scared, ask your minister or a trusted relative or friend to go with you when you tell your parents.

Qa

I am a girl of 14. My problem is that the past few months I have been getting very attached to an older woman. I'm no Lesbian and I get along just fine with boys. Unlike my grandmother with whom I live, I find her easy to talk to because she always listens. I love her very deeply; a kind of different love I've never felt before. Is this natural?—K.M.

Yes, very natural. Like other warm human relationships, it can be richly rewarding if managed responsibly. A deep attachment to an understanding adult helps many young people to move toward maturity with greater ease.

Qa

I am 19 and my fiancée will be 20 shortly. We plan to marry during Thanksgiving. This summer she moved to my college town, where she has a job and housing.

I have been advised that living in the same town with one's fiancée while attending school may cut seriously into study time. During high school we studied together with great success. This time, however, it will be a one-sided situation. It will be necessary for me to study while she will have to find other interests to occupy her time.

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Our problem will be to enjoy each other's company while still using our time constructively.

TV is out because the present caliber of programs is very low. Reading seems an obvious solution, but this has never been her "thing."

We are worried that bad habits created now may be detrimental after marriage. Any suggestions you may have will be sincerely appreciated.—J.W.

I don't see why you should have a problem, if you both work at creating a life together. You are moving toward marriage and ought to begin feeling comfortable doing "nothing special" together. You can include her in your times of relaxation—talking over the day's events at an evening meal, taking walks, taking her to the library with you while you study, coffee afterward with some friends; picnics, movies, and church on the week-ends. It doesn't have to be that glamorous, does it? Not if you really understand each other and enjoy being together.

After marriage you will be making friends with other campus couples. You will be in and out of each other's apartments for everything from bridge to hot chocolate. Sometimes the girls will be off in their own little groups while the fellows study. You can take in campus cultural events together. She may even enroll in an evening course.

As for those habits—you will be breaking old ones and creating new ones all your life, so why sweat it?

QA

I just read B.A.'s letter about her lack of social life at a small church-related college [Teens, April, page 50]. I, too, attend such a school.

I can readily sympathize with her about college dating. It is slow for most of us—so slow, in fact, that we've nicknamed our college "The Convent"! It might as well be—as far as we girls are concerned!

Take heart, B.A., and keep your chin up! The lack of college dating is practically universal. Even in college many boys rarely date because they're still too shy and not mature enough. While a number of girls are thinking of marriage, some boys are still dreaming about their first date.

So-o-o, why not do what we do? Bunches of us girls get together every weekend to plan something

special. Sometimes we all just play records and engage in the wonderful art of "girl-talk." (You get better at conversation all the time, and it's good practice for future dates!) Other times we play Ping Pong, go to a movie together, watch a favorite show on TV, or go over to the campus snack bar for a Coke. Our spirits soon soar, and we start giggling with happiness. Sometimes a few boys even notice us—which is always nice, I must say! Future dates? Yes or no, the important thing is to do things, and smile! After all, "a smile is a curve that sets a lot of things straight!"—M.T.

Things seem to change for the better mainly when we get to work and change them.

QA

I am the college sophomore whose letter was printed in the April issue of TOGETHER. I was feeling sorry for myself because I was living at home, and had no social life or boyfriend to care about me.

My situation has changed since writing that letter. Over the holidays I met a guy home from college for his vacation. During that time we were together or talked on the phone almost every day. It was a wonderful relationship, close mainly in a mental and intellectual sense.

I haven't seen him since then, but the memories are still with me. Because of the way in which he affected my attitudes and thinking, I would not have missed the experience for anything.

Another change is that I now am living in the dorm. I enjoy college life much more now than I did when living at home.

Finally, I have applied, and been accepted, for transfer. I will transfer this fall if I can find the money to pay for it.—B.A.

Thanks for reminding us that situations can change for the better, often just about the time we feel like giving up.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068.

—Your Editors

BOOKS

THE 1969 Pulitzer Prize for general nonfiction went to Rene Dubos for *So Human an Animal* (Scribners, \$6.95), and Norman Mailer for *The Armies of the Night* (New American Library, \$1.25).

At a glance it would seem hard to find two less similar books, yet both of them are trying to get at the same thing, the answers to the existential questions: Who is man? Where did he come from? Where is he going?

The Armies of the Night is Mailer's record of the October, 1967, demonstrations against the Viet Nam War and the march on the Pentagon. It has two parts. In the first Mailer tells the story of his participation as if it were seen by a third person. This is a device that is irritating at times, but it is a natural one for Mailer because he is primarily a novelist. How much a novelist becomes evident in the second part, in which he attempts to write as historian. He is as unable to keep his emotions from coloring this as he is to keep his style dispassionate. But from this book we have no doubt that Mailer was there, and he puts us right there, too.

In contrast to the rough and tumble prose, the violence and intensity of Mailer's book, we have *So Human an Animal*, the overview of the scientist. Rene Dubos, though, is an unusual scientist, as much at home in philosophy and literature as in his own field of microbiology, able to write gracefully and eloquently on human history and environment.

He considers the environment in which most of us spend our days, "a confusion of concrete and steel . . . in the midst of noise, dirt, ugliness, and absurdity." We are as much the product of our total environment as of our genetic endowment, he warns, and yet we are deplorably ignorant of the effects that may result from the powerful techniques we have developed to control and exploit the external world.

He calls on science to apply its techniques to studying the shapes of space and needs of man, and for rebels who would throw the study of history out the window, there is this reminder: "The past is not dead history, it is the living material out of which man makes himself and builds the future."

In *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* (New American Library, \$5.95, hard cover; 95¢, paper), Norman Mailer relives his reporting of the Republican and Democratic national conventions of 1968. As in *The Armies of the Night*, he uses third-person narrative style and, as in that Pulitzer Prize winner, he has written a book that is irritating, fascinating, and irresistibly involving.

After President-Elect Nixon had made his acceptance speech in the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom, he announced to his wife: "You know, as President, I have certain prerogatives. And I am going to exercise them today. I'm going to take you and the girls to lunch at Twenty-One." But within five minutes he learned he couldn't do it—because he was going to be President. The Secret Service simply did not have time to "secure" the restaurant.

"Well, never mind," he said philosophically,

"we'll eat in Peacock Alley." But Peacock Alley, in the hotel, was not open so the Nixons drove home to their own apartment, where their household staff had taken the day off. The weary but triumphant president-elect and his family finally lunched on tinned salmon and salad.

The story is told in *Divided They Stand* (Prentice-Hall, \$6.95). This British view of the 1968 election is the work of David English [appropriate name] and the staff of the London Daily Express.

The election results confirmed rather than disproved that the United States was divided, but great though the divisions were, they did not break up the system, English and the Express staff conclude. They have misread some of the events they report, but they have turned out a fascinating book.

An even better British view is *An American Melodrama: The Presidential Campaign of 1968* (Viking, \$7.95) by London Sunday Times reporters Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page, all in their early thirties. A number of important stories never adequately told in American coverage are told here, and the reporting is incisive in its wit and perspective, although there are some factual errors, too. Few serious readers will find its 814 pages too long.

An Englishman who understands America well is Alistair Cooke. He has been talking about us to BBC listeners for more than 20 years, but we haven't been able to hear a word he said. We do know him, though, as emcee of an American television program, *Omnibus*.

Talk About America (Knopf, \$5.95) is a choice collection of his BBC scripts, ranging from a compassionate look at black America to an appreciative view of the Kentucky Derby. They read as well as they undoubtedly sounded.

Pearl Buck chose Theodore F. Harris to write her biography, and she worked closely with him on it

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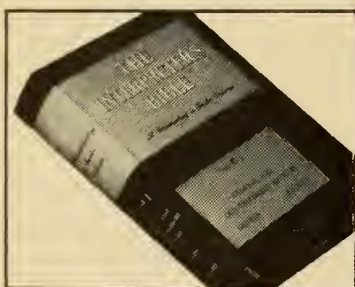
By B. Lance

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during the several years it was in preparation, making all her papers available, answering questions, dictating long passages onto tape.

These passages in **Pearl S. Buck, a Biography** (John Day, \$7.95) will make it an interesting, even satisfying, book to admirers of Mrs. Buck's later novels. Harris, however, is such a noncritical, unabashed admirer of his subject that he fails to provide any real perspective. Even his style reads like Mrs. Buck's later work, and in it, unfortunately, she has never been able to reach the depth she reached in *The Good Earth*.

Some of Albert Camus's earliest published writing, beautiful, subjective essays about his youth in Algiers, is translated for the first time in **Lyrical and Critical Essays** (Knopf, \$6.95). This volume edited and annotated by Philip Thody also contains some of the French writer's more important critical statements, written through the years. All were translated by Ellen Conroy Kennedy.

TOGETHER associate editor Martha Lane, who did concentrated study on Camus's work at one time during her college years, liked this sampler. "It is a thought-provoking view for readers who are willing to take an honest look at this world in which we must all live together," she said. Then she added: "But it is not for those who enjoy reading happily-ever-after selections."

If **Learning to Live Without Cigarettes** (Doubleday) helps you kick the habit, the 95¢ you spend for this paperback may be the best investment you ever made.

Prepared by three members of the Philadelphia Health Department and Public Health Service, it offers insights into the mental as well as the physical aspects of smoking, offers youth leaders a fund of resource materials for use in smoking-control programs, and has a question-and-answer section on the principal health hazards of cigarette smoking. In the course of all these discussions it works in a large amount of help on how to stop smoking. The authors are William A. Allen, Gerhard Angermann, and William A. Fackler.

A fly buzzing in a closed automobile, the fascination shoes have for two-year-olds, standing in line at the supermarket. All part of the trivia of life. Yet there are profound things to be learned from them. United Methodist Bishop J. Gordon Howard mixes them with deeper experiences in **Small Windows on a Big World** (Abingdon, \$2.95).

This perceptive book of meditations speaks Bishop Howard's conviction that: "Sometimes, standing on a height, we see the big world with unbroken horizon in a general way. At other times we look on the big world through small windows. Thus we see only a little at a time, but what we see, we see intensely."

Working under a grant from the Danforth Foundation since 1964, sociology professor Jeffrey K. Hadden has made possibly the most thorough study of Protestant beliefs, opinions, and attitudes ever compiled.

He makes his report in an important and deeply disturbing book. **The Gathering Storm in the Churches** (Doubleday, \$5.95) reflects a growing conflict between clergy and laymen on central theological doctrines, involvement in civil rights and other social issues, and who is to have authority in the church.

Seminarian Peter Stone had renounced the world and the flesh. Then he was chosen to play the lead role in a \$20-million Hollywood spectacular . . . In an election campaign for President of the United States, one of the candidates was a Jew. And some old-time politicians decided to mix religion with politics . . . How could Father Art, at St. Cyprian's, go about being avant-garde? No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't shock his sophisticated parishioners. Finally he thought he would grow a beard . . .

Avant-garde Episcopal priest Malcolm Boyd, now a fellow at Yale University, explores the myths of American society in **The Fantasy Worlds of Peter Stone and Other Fables** (Harper & Row, \$3.95). There is wry humor as well as deeper meaning in these stories.

John Gould has written a weekly column for the *Christian Science Monitor* for 20 years, but he still lists his occupation as farmer and professional guide. In off-moments, he indulges such pet interests as harvesting maple sugar, making furniture, fishing and sailing, and participating in his favorite social organizations like the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers and the Merchants Wharf Organ, Chowder and Marching Society. He has written a few books, too, and has authored articles that have appeared in numerous magazines.

Born in Boston and raised in Freeport, Maine, he has spent his lifetime Down East. Recently he happened upon a publication of the American Folklore Society and discovered a Down East folklore story. Soon after,

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a graduate student asked him if he would recite some local stories for his doctoral thesis. He decided that if there was that much interest in local lore he would put some of it down in a book of his own. **The Jonesport Raffle** (Little, Brown, \$4.95) is the result. It is good storytelling, filled with wry Yankee humor.

So many of TOGETHER's readers ask us questions about how to submit manuscripts they want considered for publication that I should mention **The Beginning Writer's Handbook** (Writer's Digest, \$4.95). Editors of that magazine for writers answer 500 questions new writers are likely to ask, and the quality of the answers is excellent.

Would-be poets, and there are many among our readers, will be interested in **The Greeting Card Writer's Handbook** (Writer's Digest, \$5.95), edited by H. Joseph Chadwick.

There is a new edition, too, of a book that is consulted by every author, preacher, and public speaker. This is the 14th edition of **Bartlett's Familiar Quotations** (Little, Brown, \$15). Archaic quotations have been deleted, outdated translations have been modernized, and 576 new authors have been added. Another

sign of the 14th edition's up-to-date-ness is its index, alphabetized, formatted, and typeset by computer.

Modern appliances, no-iron sheets, and plastic place mats are nice, but this year's June brides are discovering new apartments and tri-level homes present a lot of the same old problems their grandmothers found when they went to housekeeping.

Mary Davis Gillies, whose experience as an amateur and professional hamemaker spans quite a few years, has had a chance to learn the old and keep up with the new ways of turning bare walls into a home, and she shares them in **The New How to Keep House** (Harper & Row, \$6.95). It should occupy shelf space right along with the cookbooks.

Surely some of America's most beautiful landscaping is on golf courses, and now a golf-course superintendent tells homeowners how to duplicate those smooth sweeps of turf in **A Perfect Lawn the Easy Way** (Rand McNally, \$3.95, cloth; \$1.95, paper). Paul N. Voykin is a relaxed and interesting writer as well as an expert on grass, and this book is informative and fun to read.

To pediatrician William E. Haman,

M.D., the perfect parent is one who knows a good many right things to do and does them more than half the time. This is the parent who makes mistakes, then forgets about them and goes cheerfully on to the next thing with the thought of doing better.

"One of the great rewards of being this kind of a successful and bumbling parent is to have your sixth-grader come home and cheerfully announce: 'Hey, Dad, I got Mr. Sweeney as a teacher. He's swell! He can yell even louder than you can,'" he says in **Child Sense** (Basic Books, \$6.95).

This is a refreshingly sensible book about helping a child to emotional health through love, discipline, and independence. It is also an interesting book to read.

A standard handbook on dating first published in paper in 1968 has been updated by coauthors Evelyn Millis Duvall and Joy Duvall Johnson. It is **The Art of Dating** (Association Press, 95¢), a sane, informative book about boy and girl relationships that has accomplished the nearly impossible job of gaining the approval of adults and the enthusiastic readership of young people.

The World of the Wolf (Lippincott, \$5.95) is a liberally illustrated, first-hand report on what Canadian timber wolves are like, and unless you have done a large amount of study on the subject, or know some wolves personally, you are in for some surprises.

Coauthors of this unusually authentic nature book for the whole family are Russell J. Rutter, an interpretive naturalist at Algonquin Provincial Park, Ontario, and Douglas H. Pimlott, who did intensive study of timber wolves at the park and continues to study North American wolves now that he is professor of animal ecology and wildlife biology at the University of Toronto.

A long time ago, when the world was young, a father, a mother, and their small son searched for a caravan with which they might safely cross the desert to Egypt. There was much to fear from ferocious animals, venomous snakes, marauding bandits. But this night the child stretched out his arms and danced with the creatures of the desert, and none was afraid.

Madeleine L'Engle tells the story in **Dance in the Desert** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95). This hauntingly beautiful book is not, however, for all children because the beasts drawn by Symeon Shimin are truly realistic and frightening. It is, surely, for all who love children, and who love the Christ child.

—Helen Jahnsan

The Gift of MEMORY

HOW EMPTY life would be without the priceless gift of memory.

From childhood we remember joys and sorrows shared by brothers and sisters and parents. Later, associations with teachers, schoolmates, working companions, and others outside the family circle make lasting impressions. It is not until later in life, though, that we realize how valuable this gift is.

Sir James Barrie quotes someone as saying, "God gives us memory that we may have roses in December." How sweet the fragrance grows as years pass by, bringing light and comfort to days which otherwise might be empty and cold. All about us things and places remind us of golden hours spent with loved ones no longer near. These memories give us encouragement, strength, and companionship.

Out of deep memory, the lonely heart draws assurance and looks forward in gratitude, determined to add

usefulness to usefulness of the past.

From the labyrinth of memories, of things both good and bad, we may select and emphasize those which give positive support to our actions and beliefs. The loyalty of friends, the demonstrated courage of convictions, the meaning of acts of kindness—these we have learned to value from our own experiences. We know, in turn, what they can mean to others.

Memories give meaning to these lines from Sanskrit:

"Today well-lived makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness, and every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope. Look well, therefore, to this Day."

—MYRA HOPPER CLARK



Fiction

IT IS A TIME of fads and shock. The world, including the church, seems under the influence of those who believe that unless we are speaking the last so-called word of relevancy we are finished. The bright young prophets with the curious assumption that they speak for everybody worth speaking for proclaim that this is possible and that is finished. Many ordinary people, including me, are tempted to say that there must be something to it since it is being said so loudly and repeatedly.

Books become best sellers because they are labeled controversial and sexy. So a fellow reads one just to find out what is being said and discovers it to be merely the old semipornographic stuff once sold under the counter. The fellow who has some doubts about the reality of these interpretations is tempted to complain as Elisha did that he is the only one left who has not bowed the knee to Baal.

To such lost souls it is good to read *THE SLEEP OF REASON* by C. P. Snow (Scribners, \$6.95). For here is another book in the *Strangers and Brothers* series dealing with university life and human problems in our time. The skill of C. P. Snow as a novelist is witnessed to by the fact that he can write about the politics of a university campus and make it exciting.

The book—it takes its name from the title of a Goya etching, *The Sleep of Reason Brings Forth Monsters*—narrates Lewis Elliott's relationships with his father, his son, his wife, and his friends. As a member of the court of his university, he deals with student radicalism and revolt. Suddenly he is thrown into a messy situation out of loyalty to an old friend, whose daughter is involved in a lesbian relationship with another girl. The girls torture and kill an eight-year-old boy.

Snow tells the story with dramatic effect and never was I able to put the book down and leave it without regret.

Is it true, do you suppose, that the inner quality of a man's character must shine through his work? I have that feeling about this man's book. He raises questions and he encounters many different kinds of evil. But fundamentally, I always come back to the conclusion that I am looking through the eyes of character and wisdom. It is almost a biblical trait that I feel in such novels. Which is to say that the evil of life is looked at unblinkingly but always with the assumption that the world is not meaningless.

I liked *The Sleep of Reason* because the writer's temperature seems to be normal, which makes all the feverish exploitation of sex seem to be the unhealthy thing it is. I guess the word I am groping for is dignity. We seem to be in short supply of it these days. As long as we have writers like C. P. Snow, the English spirit is alive, and Americans can look toward it and thank God.

I give you something quite different in *DUE TO LACK OF INTEREST TOMORROW HAS BEEN CANCELLED* by Irene Kampen (Doubleday, \$3.95). The title itself is worth the price, and the moment I began to read, I was caught. A widow returns to college after 25 years to complete her degree. Her roommate, Franny, remarks sweetly that she thinks it is awfully "brave of somebody your age to come back to college." So Mrs. Kampen shows us the modern campus through the eyes of a woman in her 40s and it is sheer delight. There are the hippies, the rebels, the scientists, and the campus church and minister with its contemporary service. There are the protesters and the earnest young people searching for a cause. It is simply wonderful.

The ivy-covered walls surround activities little different from those when she was a student. The students do not indulge in the same antics as in her day—they do things which on the surface may sound more serious but down underneath are about the same immature behavior. I tell you it cheers a fellow up to read this book and have a little fresh air blown into the heavy atmosphere of plotting and counterplotting. It is sheer fun and highly recommended for students and parents alike.

This next book, not actually a novel, is *NO DEADLY DRUG* by John D. MacDonald (Doubleday, \$7.95). It is subtitled *The Anatomy of a Celebrity Murder Trial*. Just by chance I had read a book some time ago which was a discussion of a series of murderers condemned on the basis of circumstantial evidence. The author's thesis was that this is the best kind of evidence. One of the cases discussed involved Dr. Carl Coppelino, who went through two trials, one in New Jersey and one in Florida.

No Deadly Drug proves MacDonald is an able writer of mystery stories who uses records of the court and the record of testimony. He cannot help making it dramatic, however, and one goes through it with the feeling that he is moving into the realm of truth stranger than fiction.

A central figure is F. Lee Bailey, lawyer for the defense and a celebrated performer. Here is Mrs. Marjorie Farber who was having an affair with Dr. Coppelino until they quarreled and she became a witness against him. Then, of course, there is Dr. Coppelino himself.

It would probably cool off any interest you have in the book if I told you it was "educational" but you will certainly discover a lot about the trial and the people involved in it you did not know. That is, unless you are a lot more sophisticated than I am. So, here is the sandwich for this time. Both sides solid and substantial with the filling tasty and well-seasoned.

—GERALD KENNEDY
Bishop, Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church

TOGETHER

with the
Small Fry

CLINCO!

By Opal Guy Crawford



BANG! Bang! Bangity-bang! went the meadow gate.

Bump! Bump! Bumpity-bump! went Clinco, the little white goat, butting the meadow gate with his little white head. He liked the sound it made so he bumped and banged and bumped and banged until his little white head was very sore.

Then, wham! The meadow gate flew open. Clinco knew that he should not go inside for his mother had warned him many times—but he went inside anyway.

He looked this way and he looked that way. There was no one around. He saw a tool shed and went inside for a look.

Seeing some spades, he put his head down and—bang! Down went the spades. He liked that sound. He looked for some more things to push with his little white head. He saw some rakes. Bam! Down went the rakes. He liked that sound, too. He saw some hoes. Boom! Down they went!

The farmer heard all this and he didn't like it at all. He ran after Clinco. "Get!" he shouted. "Get out of my tool shed, you little white goat!"

Clinco ran behind a box where the farmer could not find him. The farmer put away the spades and the rakes and the hoes, and went away.

Clinco looked at the hoes. Maybe the farmer would not hear this time.

Bam! Boom! Bang! Everything went down again, one after the other.

The farmer came running back to the shed. "Get, you little goat," he yelled as he ran after Clinco, but Clinco could run faster than the farmer. When he could no longer see

the farmer, Clinco stopped. He looked up. Right over him was a clothesline full of clothes.

When Clinco took a nip at a shirt, the line went zing! Clinco liked the sound. He took a nip at another shirt, and the line zinged again. He nipped all the shirts and the pants and the towels until there was nothing left on the line. Everything was on the ground.

The farmer's wife saw Clinco and her clothes and she ran after him. "You bad bad goat!" she cried as Clinco ran away.

Then Clinco saw some tin cans. When he pulled at the bright paper on the cans, he heard tink, tink, tink. He liked that sound. He took some more paper from the cans. He ate the paper not because he liked paper, but he just had to put it somewhere. Soon he had the cans scattered everywhere. The farmer's wife saw him. "Look at that bad bad little goat," she said to the farmer. "Look what he has done to the cans. Cans—cans everywhere. What can we do with that bad little goat?"

"Go chase the goat away from the cans," the farmer's wife said to the dog. Clinco knew the dog could run as fast as he could, so he ran and ran.

By and by the dog went back to the house. Clinco looked around. There was a pole with a rope on it. He took a nip at the rope. Ding, ding went the bell at the top of the pole. Clinco liked that sound. He made the bell ring and ring.

The bell was used to call the men from work in the fields, and when they heard it, they came to the house for dinner. But of course there was no dinner now. The cook was very cross.

"Who rang the dinner bell?" she asked angrily.

No one knew who had rung the dinner bell so the men went back to the field.

The cook tied the rope up higher and went back to work.

Clinco stood on his back legs. He could barely reach the bell. He took a nip. Ding went the bell. Just a little ding. But the dog heard it and ran at Clinco and barked.

Clinco raced toward the haystack. Right next to the haystack was a shed with a tin roof. Clinco went up the haystack and onto the tin roof. Clink, clink went his feet on the tin roof. He liked that sound. Up and down he ran. Clink. Clink.

The farmer saw Clinco. He did not like to have his shed roof go clink, clink because Clinco's little feet made dents in the tin. "Get down, you bad little goat," ordered the farmer.

He got Clinco and took him to the house. The farmer's wife looked at Clinco. "I do not think he wants to be a bad little goat," she said. "But I think I know why he is bad."

She went into the house. When she came out, she had something in her hand. She put a belt around Clinco's neck. "Now," she said, "go, little goat."

Clinco walked away. Something pretty sounded when he walked! Tinkle, tinkle went the sound. It was a bell on the belt.

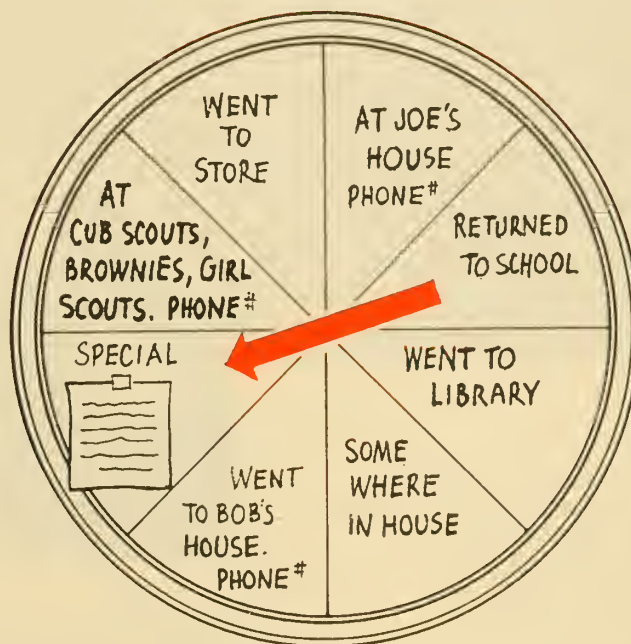
The farmer took Clinco back to the meadow. "Make music all you want," he said.

And Clinco did. Every time he

took a nip of grass, the bell went tinkle, tinkle. Clinco had music as he ate. He liked the sound and he liked the grass. He ate and ate. He liked the tinkle-tinkle sound. He grew and grew.

The sheep in the meadow liked the sound of Clinco's bell, too. When they heard his bell, they followed Clinco. Clinco was the leader. And he was a good leader. He stayed in the meadow with the sheep. He took them to the water tank, then back to the meadow grass. Clinco was a happy little goat! □

Place Clock



HOW MANY times have you come home from school to find mother gone for a while? Now, instead of writing a note before you take off again yourself, you can make this handy place clock to tell your whereabouts for you.

Divide a paper plate into six or more sections. In each, print one of the places you often go after school. Be sure to include the phone number where you can be reached if there is one. But leave one section of the clock blank. In that

space you can tape a note indicating any unusual place you may be going.

Attach a heavy cardboard or emery-board pointer to the center with a paper fastener.

Use crayons, pictures, or paints to decorate the outside rim if you wish.

When your clock is finished, hang it inside the front door and each time you leave, turn the indicator to your destination. Your family will appreciate the information.

—Jacqueline Koury

Jottings

A FEW ISSUES back we mentioned, among several other things, that people don't sit in porch swings any more—a symbol, we thought, of our rapidly changing times.

Well, along comes Mrs. Paul K. Trimmer whose entrancing address is Maple Hill Farm, RFD, Lewisberry, Pa. She declares she is "a people," and that she remains a four-season porch-swing sitter.

"I've watched spring explode . . . I've watched a moon-slice through new maple leaves in April," Mrs. Trimmer writes. "Even in the hot of summer my swing can scare up a breeze when no other breeze is available."

From her swing, Mrs. Trimmer also watches the bright leaves of autumn come and go. "Again comes cold and blustery winter—and I sit in my swing, bundled up against the wind and chill."

It would be great, she adds, "if everybody (including editors!) had access to a front-porch swing"—and we heartily agree with Mrs.

Trimmer who may now take tongue out of cheek. Meanwhile, we've about decided to take the creaky, dusty, old swing out of the garage—where it has languished since TV and air conditioning. The rusty swing hooks, by the way, are still up there on the porch ceiling.

Many of our guest preachers in *Open Pulpit* come from varied and interesting backgrounds. The Rev. Joseph E. Taylor of Little Rock, Ark. [see his *In the Beginning*, page 39], is a ham radio operator, a former teacher of electronics, and for a time was engaged in the office-machine supply business. He has an honorary D.D. degree from Philander Smith College in Little Rock, and passes along the comment his six-year-old son, Jon, made the day of that ceremony.

"Just think, Daddy," the youngster said. "Right now you are a nothing, and in six hours you'll be a doctor."

We're sorry we didn't get word in time to note the plans of the Rev. Billy Richardson, a real giant among men, who was scheduled to set out July 7 on his hike along the 1,200-mile "Trail of Tears" followed by the Cherokees when they were forced to leave North Carolina for a reservation in Oklahoma. When we first met Mr.



Richardson, he was in the garb of an old-time Methodist circuit rider, and had just completed a horseback ride from Omaha to Baltimore as his part of Methodism's bicentennial celebration in 1966. Now he hopes to focus attention on this blackest chapter in the long history of the white man's injustice to the Indians.

It is not surprising that some of the best contributions we receive for our *Small Fry* pages come from schoolteachers. To write for children, one not only should love

them but should understand them.

The author of *Clinco!* [page 58] has been a teacher for many years, and now serves as a substitute in the Denver (Colo.) schools. Mrs. Opal Guy Crawford, mother of three sons now grown, tells us that teaching keeps her so busy these days that she hasn't written many stories lately.

"But I do tell the children my stories," she writes. "They like them because I not only tell the stories—I act them out. Probably it is fun for the children to watch their teacher 'carry on.'"

On the same pages with *Clinco!* is *Place Clock* by Jacqueline Koury who lives in Arcadia, Calif., and teaches in the primary grades.

Among our contributors: Mrs. Ruth Miles [see her *The Remarkable Legacy of Mattie Miles*, page 45] lives in Dallas, Texas, where she is producer for the National Children's Theatre Association, work she shared with her late husband, Fiske . . . Asked if she had any humorous anecdotes to pass along, Mrs. Joy A. Sterling, author of *Pity the Poor PKs* [page 28], declared:

"With a husband, four kids of assorted ages, and a 14-room house, who has time to be funny?"

The actual experience of living through *A Case of Hate* [page 36] had a profound "eye-opening and overwhelming" effect on the author, Zana Martin.

"Funny," she writes, "how we can go along for years reading and nodding agreement to certain truths in the Bible without becoming really conscious of them as truths. And then, once in a while, we are lucky. Some long-taught and taken-for-granted lesson suddenly assumes reality and illuminates our faulty human vision."

—Your Editors

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UNLIKE ANY OTHER



There is light. For this I should be thankful
Be it morning,
 noon,
 or afternoon.

The drinking in of every new experience—
Understanding with continued light—
The bittersweet descent of it—the shadows
Remind me of the measure of all time.
The very fact that now is not forever
Is cause for gratitude. More is to come—
More light—
Another day
Unlike any other day . . .

—Jo Grimm

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